*Fit* **"TripleX"** *- and be safe*



2/-

# *The Sketch*

By Appointment
**Cerebos**
*Salt for dainty tables*

**Grant's**
***Stand Fast***
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# This England . . .

*Kersey, Suffolk*

I N AN EARLIER ENGLAND to speak of "an ale" meant a feast or merrymaking for which a special ale had been brewed. So do we read of lamb-ales (at the shearing), Whitsun ales, bride-ales (whence comes our word "bridal") and church ales, forerunners of the "sale of work" or bazaar on the vicarage lawn. These festivals were socially important to mediæval England, the profits therefrom being used for parish relief, church repairs and so forth. This year we have with us a national festival — the Festival of Britain. There we shall marvel at our inventions and — as is the English way — find much provision for merrymaking. And there also — to refresh, sustain and gladden the heart — will be a noble if aged invention of this people, the great ale of England — Bass or Worthington as you may choose.

ISSUED BY BASS AND WORTHINGTON, BURTON-UPON-TRENT, ENGLAND

A GUIDE TO SCHWEPPSHIRE

p. 306

# SPORT in Schweppshire

Sport in Schweppshire is completely dominated by golf, where it was first played on the Border by Edward the Confessor. Football originated in the typical Schweppshire habit of kicking Opponent's ball into a bad lie. Fishing devolved from the impoverished lads who dived for golf-balls in the stream guarding the first green at Royal Mid-Schweppshire: and Schwepsom Downs reminds us that horse racing stems from polo and that polo itself originated in the Schweppshire custom of playing golf on mules.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES. Holes done in one: this feat has been performed 984 times but at the tenth hole only, which measures 6,012 yards. A putter is used from the 10th tee at the top of Ben McSchwiddie (or Old Spout) to push the ball to the soup-plate green at the bottom of the precipice.

RECORDS (the August Sugar-Tongs, 18 holes Medal). The record in 1485 was 128. This became 193 in 1760, when "Oh, do let me have that one again" was banned. In 1789, no play (French Revolution). But in 1803 the record was lowered to 102, when shuttlecocks were substituted for the old ball (composed of dried milk pudding in skin). In 1926 the record was lowered to 72 (America discovers black and white golf shoes) and it became 62 in 1950 owing to imaginative interpretation of "Ball Deemed Unplayable". (New Rules, Royal and Senile). Our great source for early history is Samuel Schwepys, famous diarist of the Schweppenteenth Century.

*Written by Stephen Potter*
*Drawn by Lewitt-Him*

* *He confessed, of course, after a medal round, that he took 9 not 6 shots in a bunker.*

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

# It pays to say

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*Player's Please*

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# time for a classic to grow

*Sometimes it seems as though the shape of a car gets altered somehow. Each year it gets harder to put names to the shapes you see.*

*And then there are the classics. Not many. You can count them on your fingers and the Javelin is one. They keep their character.*

*It takes time for a classic to grow—concentrating all the time on improvements that don't hit the eye. It's not spectacular—nothing to make headlines—no gaping crowds—no change just for the sake of it.*

*But quietly, unobtrusively the essential qualities are made perfect. Brakes, soundproofing, lighting, suspension, comfort—all this and much more is subtly changed. Racing experience has a lot to do with improving things you'd think couldn't be improved—and Jowetts are internationally famous for their successes.*

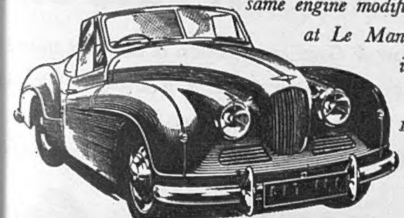
*Just about now the Javelin is taking its place among the classics—a car by which other cars are judged.*

*This car is a waste of money if you don't care what a car does. There's such a lot built into it that doesn't really show until you have it in your hands—performance, comfort, and 30 m.p.g.*

*Top speed, electrically timed, 78 m.p.h. Acceleration 0-60 m.p.h. in 22.2 secs. ("The Motor" Road Test). Horizontally opposed flat-four 50 B.H.P. Engine. Javelin saloon: £635, plus purchase tax. Javelin saloon de luxe: £735, plus purchase tax.*

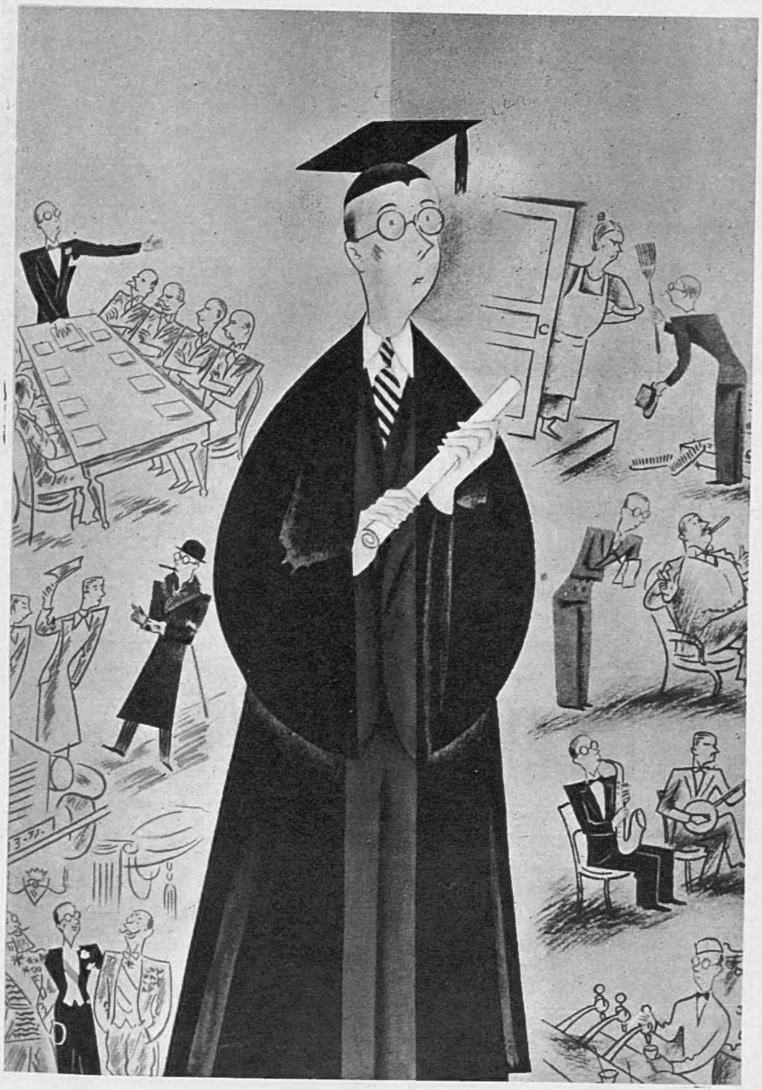
## 1½ litre
## JOWETT **JAVELIN**

*take a good look when it passes you*


*The Jowett Jupiter is a faster convertible version of the Javelin, with the same engine modified for speed. It won its class at Le Mans in 1950 and won yet again in 1951. It also came 1st and 2nd in the Monte Carlo Rally, 1½ litre class, in 1951, and won the Lisbon Rally outright.*

*Jowett Cars Limited, Idle, Bradford, Yorkshire.*

Picture by *Alajálov* by courtesy of *The New Yorker*


***Once a fellow has taken a degree (hons., passed, failed, or aegrotat, i.e. retired hurt) at college • Less a matter of subjects than applied psychollege • Will decide whether his status becomes ambassadorial • or selling from door-to-doorial • The selection of suits, shoes, hats, shirts to make friends of managing directors and influence clients • Becomes at Simpson an exact but simple scients • So to face the battle of life may we suggest you willy rather than later nilly • Walk one of the shortest distances in London; from the Eros statue to the forward-looking firm of Simpson in Piccadilly***

Simpson PICCADILLY

*Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd*

*202 Piccadilly London W.1*

*Regent 2002*

I have two ages!
. . . how old I am . . .
how young I look.
For the soft, smooth skin
that belies the years,
I thank regular
Revenescence care.
Obtainable as cream
or lotion.
REVENESCENCE
by
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She plays a
good game
and adds
to the fame
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Clarks
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shoes
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That is why a Cow & Gate constitution is the best insur
policy that you can give your child. It is also the gilt-ed
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Only the very best is good enough for your baby's start in
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The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES

# Fashion fabrics - the largest selection by-the-yard

## Newest shantungs
## Brocades and satins
## for wedding dresses

We regret we are unable to send patterns

## Jacqmar

16 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W1

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## *Always Ready for a Romp*

It's wonderful to see the children so full of fun. But that's only natural when they're healthy! Mother wisely sees to it that they have a unique protection of Chilprufe Pure Wool all the year round. That's why they're so free from colds and chills. Chilprufe is so beautifully made, so soft and comfortable and so very durable that it's true economy to keep the young ones happy ... *and safe in*

## Chilprufe
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**for CHILDREN**

CHILPRUFE IS PURE WOOL MADE PERFECT

*Also Chilprufe Outerwear, Shoes, Toys, and Tailored Coats for Children. Ask your Chilprufe agent or write for catalogue*

CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER

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FROM HER SET OF Revelation Matched Luggage she chooses what she needs for every journey. Each piece is beautifully made, richly finished in elegant blue-grey, wine-striped fabric, and reinforced at the edges with special 'Rev-tex' welting for a longer, better-looking life.

***REVELATION SUITCASE***
*Contracted it's right for a weekend. Expanded it holds enough for a month. The model illustrated costs £14.10s.0d. Other models from £6.2s.6d.*

***'REV-ROBE' WARDROBE CASE***
*Holds up to 12 dresses on hangers with tray-lid for shoes, lingerie, etc. As illustrated £19.17s.6d. Other models from £9.17s.6d.*
***Also for men:*** *to take 3 suits with room for shoes, shirts, etc. from £9.17s.6d.*

***REVELATION TRAIN CASE***
*Handbag-sized, holds all journey necessities —cosmetics, toilet things, passport and papers. The model illustrated costs £10.12s.6d.*

*In addition to the cases shown, the Revelation Matched Set includes: Soft-top overnight case and hat bag; hat-and-shoe box, shoe case, trunks, etc.*

*AT YOUR STORE OR LUGGAGE SHOP*

## Luggage by REVELATION

REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD., 170 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

A trained hand, an unerring eye and judgment born of years' experience guide the needle . . . no machine-made, mass-produced goods at Harrods factory, where one leather case is one man's job. Pride in his work, the knowledge that he is using the finest materials and that the responsibility is all his—these are the marks of craftsmanship, the reasons why British-made goods are still the best . . . and the best of them all are at Harrods.

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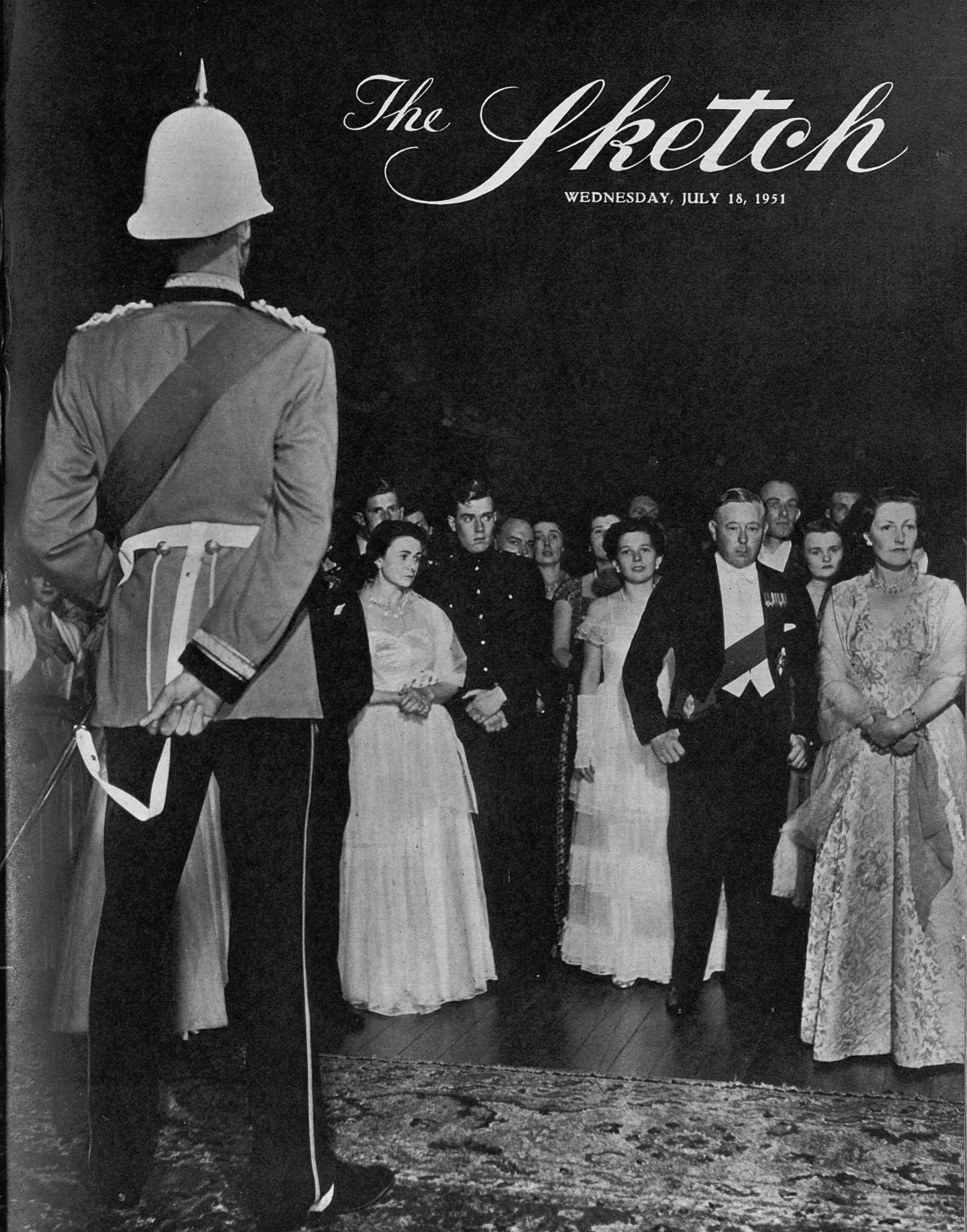
# Grace in movement

*For you who buy quality, but spend very little, who 'bus' to the office – or stride the moorlands — GOR-RAY skirts are designed for you, to wing each step you take with freedom. There are many lovely Gor-Ray styles to choose from—in many cloths and many colours—each one with an ample hem so you can always key the length to current fashion. Sold at stores everywhere and still priced around 50/-.*

**GOR-RAY**
REGD

GOR-RAY LTD., 107 NEW BOND ST, LONDON, W.1

The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1951



By "The Sketch" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

# THE KING'S MESSAGE

HEADING the dancers at the Royal Sussex Regiment's 250th anniversary ball are the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, who lent Arundel Castle for the occasion. They are listening to a message from his Majesty, read by Brigadier T. F. V. Foster. Other pictures will be found on later pages.

Photographed by Hal Morey.

*THE NEW HIGH SHERIFF OF SUSSEX, Lieut.-Commander H. R. Hardy, R.N.V.R., was photographed at home with Mrs. Hardy, their daughter Claire, and sons. Guy Hardy, standing up, is in charge of a field work and land-reclaiming concern in Wiltshire, and Lawrence Hardy, a Sub-lieutenant, R.N., is just about to take up his first command—an S.D.M.L. on anti-pirate patrol off Malaya. Commander Hardy, like his father, is Sussex born and bred. One of his ancestors was appointed High Sheriff for Sussex in 1653 for loyalty to Charles II.; and an even earlier forbear was Chaplain and Chancellor to William the Conqueror.*

# Sketch-Book

## BY HENRY LONGHURST

WHATEVER our faults may be—and almost every other nation seems, at the moment, to be able to inform us on this subject—we must surely be the most tolerant and forgiving people in the world. This thought arose on the arrival at dinner the other night of a highly-distinguished gentleman who had come on from an equally highly-distinguished club, where, he said, he had been entertaining two Japanese. The question was then put as to what further atrocious conduct would have been necessary by the Japanese in the war in order to disqualify their appearance in the best London clubs so soon afterwards.

It is a curious fact of war that those who remain most bellicose-minded towards former enemies are inevitably those who had the least contact with them. The loudest cries of " Hang the Kaiser ! " came from people who had never set eyes on a German. My own contact with the Japs being limited to watching, a month or two after the war, a party of Japanese prisoners at Singapore guarded by a solitary youth with his rifle slung nonchalantly at the unready and working with a frenzy calculated to give any good trade unionist a heart attack, I suppose it was natural for me to feel more affronted at their reappearance here than people with a more intimate knowledge of their wartime habits.

This was borne out by Laurence Turner, M.P. for Oxford, who makes powerful, but hereto unproductive, appeals to the Government for compensation for ex-prisoners in the Far East, and E. W. Swanton, the cricket pontiff, both of whom were captured in Malaya almost as soon as they walked off the ship. I happened to talk to both, and neither exhibited the least rancour, an attitude which they said was probably common to most of the British who enjoyed three years of Japanese hospitality in the war—though Swanton added a rider to the effect that he " did not know that this would go for the Australians." Turner described how every British " other rank " would spend hours working out each

gory detail of what he was going to do to the Japs when the time came—and when it did come, and a party of Japs being returned in sorry condition from Burma were laid out on a railway platform, the British troops merely said "Poor ——s!" and gave them ill-spared rice and cigarettes. He was human enough, however, to admit that in the unlikely event of his observing a couple of "Nips," as all ex-P.O.W.s call them, in his club, the temptation to shout "Kioski!" (which means "Attention") would be quite irresistible.

Not long ago I met a man who, on his return from being a prisoner in the Far East, set aside £500 in a special account, against the costs and fine which would result from his determination to assault the very first Jap, irrespective of circumstances, upon whom he set eyes in England after the war. He has not seen one yet. When he does, he will doubtless give him a drink and escort him to lunch at the Ritz.

SUPERSTITION is truly a wonderful thing! Here, for instance, is another ex-prisoner of note, Douglas Bader, just home from flying 15,000 miles round Africa, down one side and up the other, a trip marred only in the last lap by a wheel coming off and bowling down the runway at Lisbon. This is his second or third journey of the kind, to say nothing of twice flying a single-engined Proctor down to the Far East and back. In the war, having survived the Battle of Britain, he was knocked off at 22,000 ft. and fell, attached to the aeroplane by one of his metal feet, to about 5000 ft., at which point his right leg shot off down his trousers and he was able to open his parachute. He escaped from St. Omer hospital *via* a second-floor window and four pairs of knotted sheets, was recaptured under some straw in an outhouse, and eventually returned to lead the first Battle of Britain fly-past.

The above, and much else, having been done without the aid of lucky talismans, rabbits' paws, or any of the other bric-a-brac of superstition, it seemed all the more remarkable that one of the first actions of the intrepid aviator on returning to earth from Africa should be to copy out twelve times our old friend, familiar to "Sketch-Book" readers, the chain letter "started by a French officer under General de Gaulle and now going round the world for the first time," the ignoring of which is held to be fraught with dire penalties.

More intriguing, however, than the letter itself, which has now gone into my wastepaper basket for the third time, are the names of the last eleven recipients who have solemnly copied it out twelve times. Among them, regrettably, are some quite famous people.

I LOOK forward to the arrival of newspapers from the United States, Italy, France and Australia containing articles with whose pattern we have so long been familiar at home, but shall greet from these sources as a refreshing change. They will be entitled "What is wrong with American athletics?", "What is wrong with Italian motor cars?", "What is wrong with French horses?", "What is wrong with American women's golf?", and "What is wrong with Australian women's cricket?"

It is significant that, while hailing with a blast of trumpets our various vanquishers ranging from Dr. Mossadeq downwards, we should say little of, and almost apologise for, the occasional successes of our own performers. Thus, when Mr. Richard Chapman, of Pinehurst, N.C., who would be the first to admit the game of golf to be the overriding interest in his life, wins our amateur championship, we are regaled with articles on both sides of the Atlantic admonishing the penniless and under-nourished British for not digging sandpits in their gardens and spending their leisure hours practising bunker shots. But when a player-for-fun in the shape of Mrs. K. McCann wins the women's championship, we hear only of the somewhat ill-timed parting shots of an American girl who thought she was going to win, but didn't. Miss Hanson, in fact, is a talented, witty and entertaining person, and one could not help admiring her final comment on the Broadstone course: "I wouldn't play my mother on that course—and she doesn't play, anyway." But how much more admirable, really, was the exploit of another woman player, Dr. Joyce Owen, whose husband is Anglo-Iranian's gynæcologist in Abadan. Walking in from the clubhouse she was surrounded by a dozen young Persian toughs, who tore the shirt off her back, pinched her watch and prodded her with sticks. Whereupon, selecting her steel-shafted driver, she caught one on the shins and two on the head, routed the lot, and saw a couple of them safely in gaol the next morning.

The fact remains, however, that when the French horses fail to win a race at Ascot; when Oxford and Cambridge outrun and outrow Yale and Harvard; when Bannister, without so much as a manager (unlike the American boxer, Robinson, whose entourage apparently includes ten Cadillacs and a dwarf), wins the Mile of the Century; when the Jaguars bring back the old Bentley days at Le Mans and the Games Mistress at Roedean knocks up a century against the Australians, we pass it all off with a mere paragraph or two.

IT is customary to describe the London telephone service as the worst in the world. Judging it beside the unnationalised service in the United States, this may seem true, though those who have dialled in Cairo, Baghdad, Paris and Bangkok may take a more lenient view. The whole thing is rather like snakes and ladders. There are days when the chance of getting past all seven snakes, i.e., three letters and four numbers, and then, as it were, throwing the exact number to get out, seems infinitesimal. And when you have apparently succeeded, there comes the Fatal Click; that short, cynical, snapping-of-the-fingers sound, followed by deep silence.

I mention the matter only because recently, in a fit of exasperation unworthy of a subscriber who prides himself on playing strictly to the rules, I dialled ENG for Engineer, and this led to the appearance of a pleasant young man from whom I extracted, and now pass on, information which could save much loss of time and temper.

*Q.* When you dial and nothing happens whatever, how long is it worth waiting before you throw your hand in and start again?

*A. If you do not get it in three or four seconds, you probably will not get it at all.*

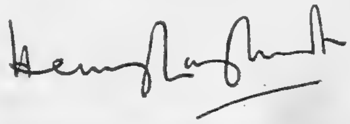
*Q.* Does it do any good, as some amateur theorists profess, to pause after dialling the three letters, to let the instrument, as it were, catch up with itself?

*A. Theoretically, no. In practice, yes. I do not know why, but that is how it is.*

*Q.* What about the Fatal Click?

*A. When you hear it, you have had it. Start again.*

WHILE "Sketch-Book" is not normally a medium for charitable appeals, I am happy to make an exception in mentioning the set of ten poster stamps issued in connection with the Festival by the Greater London Fund for the Blind, of which the Queen has accepted the first five sets. They cost half-a-crown and can be had from the South Bank, Battersea, or 2, Wyndham Place, W.1. There are 15,000 blind people in London alone, and none of them, I am sure, wants anything by the name of charity. On the other hand, I should gladly vote for any political party who proposed to give £5 a week, and no questions asked, to every blind person, the total sum to be no extra charge on the Exchequer, but to be saved from the money at present expended on free hot-water bottles, wigs, corsets, aspirins and Information Officers.



*Here are some of the Festival of Britain stamps mentioned in this article, which are on sale in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind.*

# The Royal Sussex Ball at Arundel Castle

FIVE HUNDRED officers and ex-officers of the Royal Sussex Regiment danced till the early hours of June 30 in the lofty Barons' Hall at Arundel Castle, celebrating the Regiment's 250th anniversary. The Castle was lent by the Duke of Norfolk, himself an ex-officer of the Royal Sussex, having served in France in 1940 with the 4th Battalion. The ball was one of the highlights of the anniversary of the Regiment's foundation, which, in 1701, as Donegal's Regiment of Foot—the 35th—was raised in Belfast by the first Earl of Donegal. A feature of the affair was a dramatic miniature pageant organised by Major G. C. M. Bowser, when soldiers in military dress of different periods in the Regiment's history, heralded by roll of drums and fanfare of trumpets, marched on to a daïs, and a voice read out the battle honours of each century and of the two great wars.

*By "The Sketch" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.*

As a feature of the evening the Regiment paraded its history in uniform and the men's features seemed to fit the dates! L. to r.: the private of 1951, 1914-18, 1901, 1801, 1701—the last armed with sword and pike.

They danced in the Barons' Hall at Arundel Castle.

In this gay group sitting-out, l. to r. : front, Mr. Tonge, Miss Rachel Erskine. Behind : Miss Gillian Dodd, Mr. Frank Williams, Miss Rosemary Bidder, Mr. Ian Murray, Miss Pauline Fairie, and Mr. Charles Tyndall.

Major-General and Mrs. A. W. Lee sat out together . . .

. . . and Miss Duncan joked with Lieut. John Wise, U.S. Navy.

(Continued overleaf.)

L. to r.: Mr. R. L. Hayes, Mrs. Hillman, Miss Rosalie Hillman, Major Hillman.

With Howard portraits in the background: Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Dean, Lt.-Col. G. J. Dean and Lt.-Col. Richardson.

# The Royal Sussex Ball at Arundel Castle

(Continued)

L. to r.: Mr. Blaxter, Miss Burgess, Major Glennie, Mrs. Minty, Mrs. Glennie, Major Minty.

A fanfare by trumpeters of the 2nd Battalion The Parachute Regiment heralded the entry of soldiers wearing military dress of the Royal Sussex Regiment over 250 years.

In splendid gilt and petit-point chairs: Lieutenant-Colonel C. S. W. Sabin, Brigadier-General Dick, Mrs. Sabin and Mrs. Dick.

The Archdeacon of the Isle of Wight with Mrs. Bowser, Mrs. Edward Roberts and Major G. C. M. Bowser, C.O. the regimental depôt.

The Colonel of the Regiment, Brigadier T. F. V. Foster (right), read a message from the King, with a present-day private standing stiffly to attention by his side.

*Right:* (l. to r., standing) Mr. J. P. T. Foster, just back from the Middle East for the regimental celebrations; his father, Brigadier T. F. V. Foster, Colonel of the Regiment; Miss Williamson, Mr. Saunders, Miss Lindsay, Mr. Messenger. Seated: Mrs. Foster and Miss Tanner.

*Below:* (l. to r.) Mr. S. Ohly, Mrs. Ames, Lieut.-Commander T. Atkins, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Ohly and Captain Russell.

*The Duke of Norfolk Leads His Own XI in a George Cox Benefit*

# CRICKET MATCH AT ARUNDEL CASTLE

ON July 8 the Duke of Norfolk led his team which included film star Trevor Howard on to the private cricket ground of Arundel Castle for a match against a Sussex County XI., captained by George Cox. The occasion was the second of the nine special matches organised on behalf of the veteran batsman "Young George" Cox, who is taking his Benefit this year. The match was enlivened by a feat of unofficial fielding by eighteen-year-old plumber's apprentice Arthur Hounsome, who, among the crowd lining the boundary, held a mighty six, hit by Don Smith. He was enthusiastically applauded and during the interval the Duke (r.) presented him with the match ball.

*Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by H. W. Neale.*

Wearing a special Benefit smile, "Young George" Cox walks on to the field at the head of the Sussex team. (L. to r.) A. Oakman, D. Bates, D. V. Smith, J. Parkes, A. James, C. Oakes, J. Langridge and (far right) J. Oakes. (Not shown: John Langridge and R. Webb.)

Among the team picked by the Duke of Norfolk, foreground, were (l. to r.): H. Bartlett, G. Allen, D. Shackleton, Trevor Howard, J. Dew (wicket-keeper), J. Crapp and E. Eagar. Hidden are G. Doggart, L. Constantine and C. Cowdrey.

Waiting to bat, G. H. G. Doggart (left) seems to be eager for the fray, while the Duke and G. O. Allen look as if they have more weighty problems on their minds.

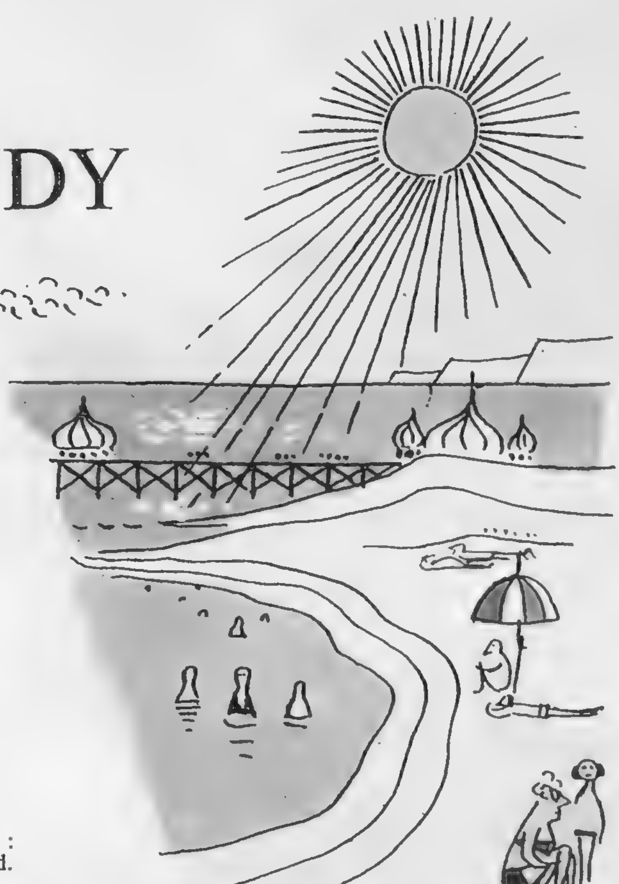
Armed with autograph books, a group of juvenile Stage-Door Johnnies wait with determined but cheerful optimism for the players to appear from the pavilion.

A cricket match is a lengthy business. Meanwhile the young idea demands food and drink ; so why not leave others to get on with the game and have a picnic ? Hence the happy family group.

Celebrities have a habit of gravitating together. Our cameraman finds a group of them in earnest conversation. (L. to r.) Patsy Hendren, Leary Constantine, Trevor Howard and Dennis Noble.

In the foreground the young experts are kept busy checking the official scorer. Others, more trusting, just relax —some even knit. But everyone enjoys the outing, the occasion is a success and we hope that the George Cox Benefit fund was handsomely helped along.

# BROWN STUDY



There is nothing so good
As to lie on the sand
In the practically nude,
And get beautifully tanned.
The body, undressed
(Weighing pros up with cons),
Looks undoubtedly best
When it 's beautifully bronze.

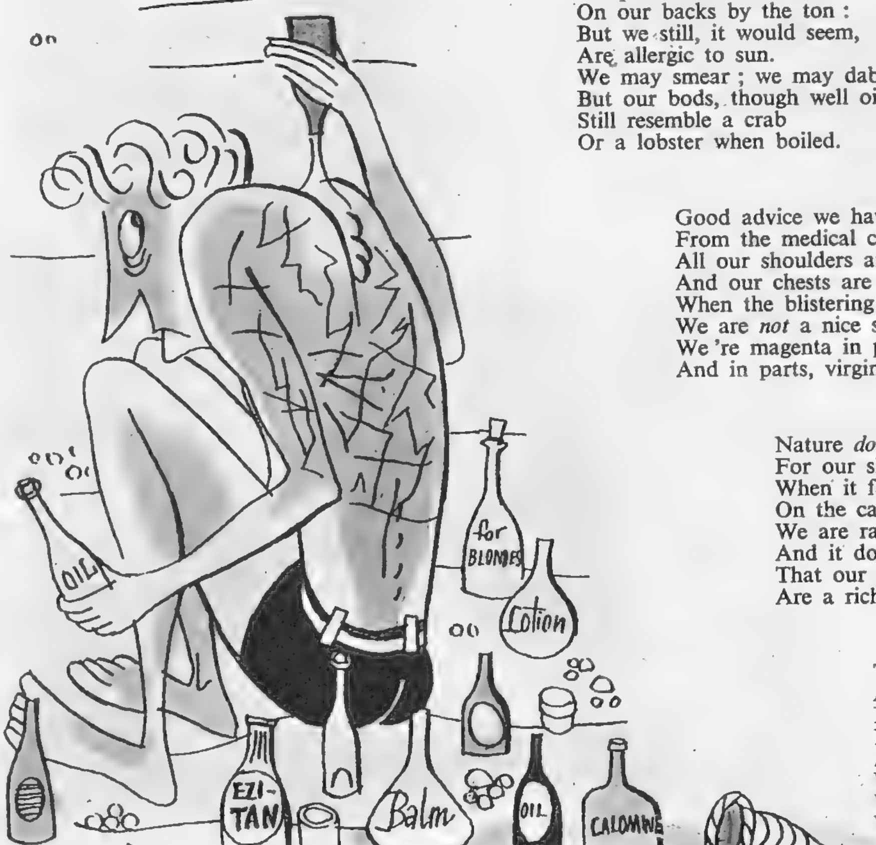
Hence the Nordic and blond
(To which group I belong)
Is not very fond
Of the sun when it 's strong.
We may bask in its rays,
But it 's really no use :
In a couple of days
We 're a bright shade of puce.

Not for us the God Ra :
Not for us, we 're afraid.
It were better by far
If we stayed in the shade.
It 's our pigments, we 've heard ;
And it 's hard luck, we feel—
For few blondes are preferred
When commencing to peel.

We put calamine cream
On our backs by the ton :
But we still, it would seem,
Are allergic to sun.
We may smear ; we may dab ;
But our bods, though well oiled,
Still resemble a crab
Or a lobster when boiled.

Good advice we have spurned
From the medical chaps :
All our shoulders are burned
And our chests are like maps.
When the blistering starts
We are *not* a nice sight :
We 're magenta in parts
And in parts, virgin white.

Nature *does* make mistakes :
For our skin can't be right
When it falls off in flakes
On the carpet each night.
We are raw ; we are red ;
And it does get us down
That our colleagues instead
Are a rich golden-brown.




There is nought so unfair
As to bask by the coast,
In the practically bare
Like an over-done roast.
As we blister and boil
We think ill of the Persian :
We could use all that oil—
We 're the non-browning version.

*Illustrated by Michael ffolkes.*

ALAN MELVILLE.

# Social Diary

JUNE 25.
(Received.)

WARWICKSHIRE WEDDING.

*Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Masterson, of Highfield, Offchurch, and his daughter Daphne were photographed before her wedding at St. Mary's, Warwick, on June 12 to Mr. Harold G. S. Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller, of Folkington Manor, Polegate, Sussex. On the right, the one small bridesmaid, the Hon. Victoria Cecil, daughter of Lord and Lady Burghley, waited to attend the bride.*

WARWICKSHIRE WEDDING.

JUNE 27.

FESTIVAL BALL.

*To the Dorchester for Midsummer Festival Ball in aid of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, and noted Princess Elizabeth (right: dancing with Mr. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn) in orchid tulle, with sequined bodice, thoroughly enjoying herself. H.R.H. danced nearly every dance—a fox-trot with Lord Buckhurst and Captain Poole, an eightsome reel with the Master of Sinclair. When she wanted to dance a samba, only Westminster's new Mayor, Councillor Albert Sciver, knew the steps, so she took the floor with him. On the left two pretty debs. at the dance were Misses Mary Williamson in white tulle, and Elizabeth Hoyer-Millar in chiffon.*

FESTIVAL BALL.

JUNE 28.

AT ST GEORGE'S HANOVER SQUARE.

*Mr. R. D. G. Laing, late The Scots Guards, of Relugas House, Relugas, Morayshire, son of Mr. Hector Laing, of Belton, Gullane, and of the late Mrs. Laing, married Miss Patricia C. Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Thomas, of 17, Stratton Street, W.1. Bride's graceful 200-year-old Brussels lace gown once belonged to ex-Queen Ena of Spain.*

JUNE 30.

RACING CLUB RALLY.

*At Eastbourne the fifth annual rally of the British Automobile Racing Club was crowded. Here the Duke of Richmond and Gordon—owner of the Goodwood Motor Circuit—with his Duchess—presented first prize in the Concours de Confort to Mrs. L. D. Snow, with her Jaguar.*

AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.

RACING CLUB RALLY

# Social

"THE FATHER OF AERONAUTICS."

REGIMENTAL FREEDOM

AT HOLY TRINITY, WINDSOR.

CLYDE FORTNIGHT.

SEASON'S BIGGEST BALL.

THE ROYAL SHOW.

## JUNE 30.

"THE FATHER OF AERONAUTICS." *Lord Brabazon unveiled statue of Sir George Cayley, born 1773, holding his "skimmer" (glider) at opening of aeronautical exhibition at Scarborough's Festival of Britain celebrations. Peeping round plinth is Mrs. George Thomson — née Octavia Cayley—a descendant of this early flying man.*

## JUNE 30.

REGIMENTAL FREEDOM.

*From Chichester's Mayor, Councillor H. Purchase, Brig. T. F. V. Foster, Colonel of the Royal Sussex Regiment, received the Freedom of the City of Chichester for the regiment.*

## JUNE 30.

AT HOLY TRINITY, WINDSOR.

*Major J. W. B. Cole, Coldstream Guards, son of the late Lieut.-Col. J. J. B. Cole and Mrs. Cole, of 23, Tedworth Square, married Miss Anne Crichton, daughter of Colonel the Hon. Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton, of Queen's Acre, Windsor. The honeymoon: Norway and Sweden.*

## JULY 1.

CLYDE FORTNIGHT.

*Second day at Rothesay, light breeze changed fortunes considerably. Danish Dragon Lil, owner Thorkil Warrer, repeated yesterday's success in Dragon Class races for Edinburgh Cup. She 's beautifully built, faultlessly sailed—the Regatta's best Dragon. Here at helm of his cruiser, handicap class, Neith, Mr. W. M. Mackinley, with Mrs. M. Maclean astern.*

## JULY 2.

SEASON'S BIGGEST BALL

*was given at historic Syon House, Brentford, by the Earl and Countess of Haddington for their seventeen-year-old daughter, Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton. Here she 's starting off for it in white tulle gown embroidered with shells. The Queen, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were among the 750 guests who danced on floodlit terraces till dawn. Among the guests: Lords Dalkeith, Plunkett and Ogilvy, escorts of Princess Margaret*

## JULY 3.

THE ROYAL SHOW.

*At Cambridge a summer day for start of Royal Agricultural Society's Show, in which the King did well with some Sandringham Red Polls. The Duke of Gloucester present, and the Princess Royal, seen here with her son, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, inspecting farm tractors.*

# Diary

JULY 4.

**A LIVING LIKENESS.**

*Found four serious little girls rehearsing a Tableaux Vivants item for the performance at Princes Theatre (July 13) in aid of League of Pity. Framed, Mary Anne Parker-Bowles, a descendant of original sitter, poses as Miss Bowles, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

JULY 5.

**TOWER WEDDING.**

*In the Chapel Royal, Mr. Charles Pickthorn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Pickthorn, of Ashley Gardens, S.W.1, married Miss Helen Mann, daughter of Sir James and Lady Mann, of George Street, W.1.*

A LIVING LIKENESS.

TOWER WEDDING.

JULY 7.

**OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE AT LORD'S.**

*The first day's play of the University match was marked by some very conservative batting by Oxford. Our picture shows B. Boobyer being caught by P. B. H. May off R. G. Marlar's bowling. This was freshman Marlar's first University match but his bowling figures, 26—11—41—5, were the best of the day.*

OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE AT LORD'S.

JULY 7.

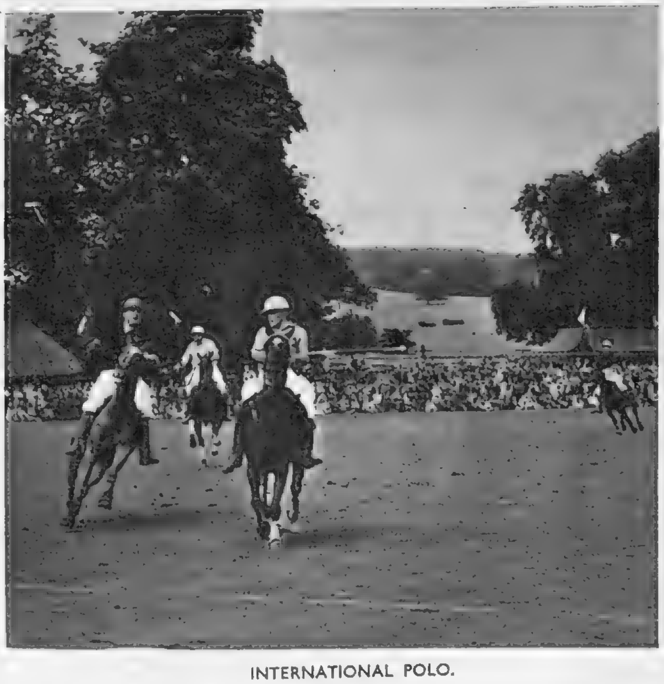
**INTERNATIONAL POLO.**

*Hurlingham, representing England played a brilliant game, to win by four goals to one, against the fine Argentinian team, La Espadaña, at Cowdray Park. Here Balding (Hurlingham) is coming up to challenge Buchanan (La Espadaña) for possession of the ball.*

JULY 7.

**HENLEY COX.**

*On the final day of the Henley Royal Regatta the Radley College eight were beaten by Bedford School for the Princess Elizabeth Cup. But this did not seem to depress Mrs. Arnold Claisse, mother of John Claisse, who coxed Radley for the second year running.*



INTERNATIONAL POLO.

HENLEY COX.

# Social

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JULY 10.

**THE GILMOUR–MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT WEDDING.**

*The elements, combined with the prevailing general happiness, made a breezy occasion of the wedding of Mr. Ian Gilmour, son of Sir John Gilmour and of the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour, to Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry. As Lady Caroline arrived at Westminster Abbey, where the ceremony was performed by the Dean, a gust of wind caught her veil and sent it up in the form of a halo round her head—surely a good omen. The wedding gown was of eight layers of white tulle over a crinoline foundation, with a soft swathed bodice, tight sleeves and a train from the waist. The Queen and Princess Elizabeth were among the most distinguished congregation of the season. On their arrival they too had to run the gauntlet of the blustery weather. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were more fortunate. Prince Richard wore an expression of suppressed mischief which was belied by his model behaviour as page.*

*The wedding group was taken during the reception at Syon House, the home of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. Left to right—Back Row: Sir John Gilmour, Duchess of Buccleuch, Duke of Gloucester, the bridegroom and bride, Mr. Jeremy Tree (best man), Duchess of Gloucester, Duke of Buccleuch, Hon. Mrs. Gilmour, Earl of Dalkeith. Middle Row: Frances Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Pamela Sturt, Princess Elizabeth, Charmian and Rosemary Montagu-Douglas-Scott. Front Row: Mary Ann Parker-Bowles, David Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Lady Caroline Percy, the Queen, Viscount Aithrie, Walter Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Queen Mary, Jane Gregory-Hood, Prince Richard and Cherry Cairns.*

*It was a day of fashion, but critical eyes were not confined to grown-ups. Penelope McCormick, 3½, expressed grave doubts about the costumes of two of the attendants, Lady Jane Howard (daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk) and young Hughie Tollemache. After the ceremony the bride and groom were the focus of all eyes—and what a fine picture they made. For a moment the wind was kind and merely billowed out the bride's veil in a gentle curve, enhancing the charming softness which made such a contrast to the dignified bearing of the groom. The reception was a brilliant success which was by no means marred by the minor breakdown suffered by one of the bridesmaids, Lady Caroline Percy, who couldn't have cared less. A stone lodged in her right shoe, but it was quickly removed by her mother, the Duchess of Northumberland.*

# Diary

## Abroad

JUNE 27.

AUSTRALIAN SEASON.

*In our postbag on June 27 we found this cheery picture of Yehudi Menuhin and his wife, with his sister Hepzibah (right), who in private life is Mrs. Lindsay Nicholas. They had just arrived at Essendon Airport prior to the great violinist's concert season.*

JUNE 27.

ROYAL GODFATHER.

*King Peter of Yugoslavia officiated as godfather to baby Nicholas Tomich, son of one of his Majesty's Military A.D.C.'s, at New York's Serbian Orthodox Cathedral.*

AUSTRALIAN SEASON.

ROYAL GODFATHER.

JUNE 30.

NEW YORK WEDDING.

*In the Chapel of St. Cornelius, Governor's Island, Miss Patricia Scruby, daughter of Mrs. R. F. Akers and Mr. Charles Scruby, of Harlow, Berks, was married to Ensign Roger Perry, U.S.N.R., son of Captain R. E. Perry, U.S.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Perry.*

JULY 2.

A HABSBURG IN SPAIN.

*Recently-married Archduke Otto and bride, Princess Regina of Saxe-Meiningen, attended a reception in the town hall of Lequeitio, a small Basque fishing village where the Archduke spent much of his youth with his mother, the ex-Empress Zita. Between the Royal couple is Senor Jose Llasera, Mayor of Lequeitio.*

NEW YORK WEDDING.

A HABSBURG IN SPAIN.

JULY 2.

A COUTOURIER DRESSES UP.

*M. Jaques Fath took time off from modern fashions to attend a nineteenth-century costume ball, in Paris, given by the Comte de Beaumont. He is seen here, with his partner, Mlle. Ursula Bagge, in the very attractive dernier cri of 1830.*

JULY 7.

EARL BEATTY IN PARIS.

*The Earl, son of the late Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty, walking near the Arc de Triomphe while on honeymoon with his third wife. Lady Beatty is the former Mrs. Adele O'Connor, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham, of New York.*

A COUTOURIER DRESSES UP.

EARL BEATTY IN PARIS.

# OUR BOOKSHELF

## by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THE THOUSAND DEATHS OF MR. SMALL. By Gerald Kersh. (*Heinemann ; 15s.*)
MISCHIEF. By Charlotte Armstrong. (*Peter Davies ; 8s. 6d.*)
THE CLOAK THAT I LEFT. By Lilias Rider Haggard. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 18s.*)
SIXTEEN PORTRAITS. Edited by L. A. G. Strong. (*Naldrett Press ; 18s.*)

"*THE THOUSAND DEATHS OF MR. SMALL*" is a big, voluble Rabelaisian novel which seems to me to give Mr. Kersh a place of some consequence in contemporary letters. He speaks with his own voice, which is loud-mouthed, eloquent, maudlin, bitter, smutty in turns, but always original, always effective. His story is about a London Jewish family, and I, for one, though I am unfamiliar with this background, believe in its flawless authenticity. Most novels by and about Jews depict them as lyrical or tragic figures, humourless and sadly dignified. Mr. Kersh makes them exuberantly talkative, picturesque, and a little too full of their own qualities, whether self-pity, remorseless ambition or sheer ineptitude. But the authenticity of its characterisation is a minor virtue of this book, for its people have a larger-than-life humanity which transcends time and race, and in the reader's consciousness I. Small and his gruesome wife are no more specifically Jews than Abraham and Sarah in the Old Testament. They are living, suffering human beings whose writhings we have to watch spell-bound for as long as Mr. Kersh demands it.

The story is told sporadically between introspective spasms of self-hatred, shame, love and contempt to which a certain Charles Small gives way. He is the weak and vacillating son of Yisroel Schmulowitz, a tragically ineffectual little man who, before he knows what is happening, finds himself married to a blowsy shrew called Millie, the most shrill and pretentious of six ghastly sisters. The long, wordy quarrel, which is their life together, is shown in all its pathos and false hopes and pitiful failure, and is contrasted with the career of the savage little hunchback, Solly Schwartz, who dominates the book as he dominated the commerce of his time like a sinister and deformed Colossus. We watch him make and break the lives of the people about him and unfalteringly grow richer, more powerful, more profane and shockingly lewd, and we see the influence of his hectic career on the wretched Small family. There are readers who will be nauseated by parts of this book and perhaps deafened by others, but I do not believe that anyone could possibly be bored by it.

NOR could one feel bored by Miss Charlotte Armstrong's *Mischief*, but for very different reasons. It is a mere puff-ball of a horror story, full of poison but light and melodramatic rather than significant, and meant to terrify and entertain those readers for whom the two are synonymous. It succeeds. A nice young American couple—and how many of *those* there are in fiction—prepare to leave their nine-year-old daughter in the care of a baby-sitter in a New York hotel while they go to a public dinner at which the husband is to make a speech and the wife to wear a rose-coloured evening dress. The baby-sitter has been recommended by the elderly liftman, and is an unlucky choice because, instead of Clifton Webb, they have got a young girl who is a pyromaniac and has already burnt her parents to death at home. A young man called Jed Towers is drawn into the situation that ensues, which really is pretty nightmarish, and would be more so if it was not so frequently interrupted while we hear how Peter O. Jones and his wife Ruth are getting on at their dreary dinner. I cannot help feeling that these two deserve all they get for bringing their child up to need a baby-sitter in a hotel at the age of nine, but I suppose that is hardly relevant. Here certainly is a novel of suspense. It has not much else, but it has that to a remarkable degree. A strong recommendation for deck-chair reading.

MISS LILIAS RIDER HAGGARD has written in *The Cloak That I Left* a most interesting and sincere book about her father, but it will not, I feel, be the standard biography if Rider Haggard's fame survives its present eclipse. In it, he emerges clearly as a husband and father, as an adventurer and farmer and public figure, but his interest to posterity will be as a writer or nothing, and the present author is not altogether successful in making us see how the man she depicts could have done more than turn out some highly-coloured fiction for the entertainment of his time. She scrupulously presents many family figures, both Haggard's relatives and his wife's, and she fondly recalls the scenes she remembers, the houses and encounters, the family feuds and tragedies. Very ably, for instance, she tells the story of his almost runaway marriage and the opposition it met from Louisa Margitson's guardian and relations. With understanding as well in graphic detail, she tells of Haggard's ventures and disappointments in Africa, and here is a characteristic paragraph about his home life: "The long table in the dining-room, which Rider had had made of solid oak from his own design with extending ends, had seldom less than ten or twelve ranged down its sides. All through the summer across the polished wood, the old silver which it was his joy to collect, and the six candles in their branched candlesticks, flowed the endless tide of family chatter and chaff, known as "Ditchingham Stories"; and discussions on every subject between heaven and hell; for Rider, when he was in the mood, was of all men the most delightful and amusing host. He liked simple things well done, simple food well cooked, good wine, old glass and silver perfectly kept. His mother had been an excellent housekeeper, and he was lucky in that his wife was the same. Shortcomings in the household routine were one of the few things over which he would assert himself with no uncertain voice." That rather sets the tone of the book, intimate, brightly descriptive, but leaving something unexplained.

THE idea behind *Sixteen Portraits* is a curious one, for each portrait is a new biographical study of a famous man or woman whose home has been preserved for posterity by the National Trust. This results in a somewhat fortuitous selection of subjects, but they have, on the whole, been treated well. Each is illustrated by an excellent drawing of the "preserved" house by Miss Joan Hassall, and each attempts to link up the writer with his home. Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson on Carlyle's relations with his wife recapitulates and emphasises, but does not attempt to reach new conclusions. Mr. Stephen Potter rather lays down the law about Coleridge; Mr. Geoffrey Grigson is perspicacious on Constable, and Mr. L. A. G. Strong extraordinarily good in his essay on Hardy. Mr. L. P. Hartley, appropriately writing on Henry James at Lamb House, Rye, expounds James's elusive and difficult nature in a way which gave me, for the first time, a feeling that I knew something of the man. A pity that Mr. Hilton Brown should have thought it necessary to devote so much space to raking up the old and not highly significant story of Rudyard Kipling's quarrel with his brother-in-law. He writes, too—"Persons who have seen Kipling at Batemans have described him as a small, shrinking figure scuttling, almost bolting, for the Downs in the company of a dog." Someone ought really to tell Mr. Brown that there are no Downs for ten miles from Batemans. Sir Ronald Storrs is rather breathlessly devout about T. E. Lawrence and Mr. Walter Allen wise and knowledgeable on Meredith. Perhaps most welcome is Miss Eleanor Graham's story of Beatrix Potter, because it is the least known. Mr. Hesketh Pearson has the difficult task of writing on Shaw, Miss Mary Winser on George Stephenson, Mr. Harcourt Williams on Ellen Terry, and Mr. Norman Nicholson on Wordsworth.

### BOOKS IN BRIEF

PHOTOBIOGRAPHY.
By Cecil Beaton. (*Odhams ; 18s.*)

Mr. Beaton writes rather disjointed autobiographical sketches to illustrate some of his most gorgeous photographs. He is disarmingly candid about his professional contacts with Royalty, with the most fashionable film stars, with politicians and soldiers. A book not to be missed by collectors of anecdotes about people in the headlines.

SCARS ARE MY PASSPORT.
By George John Seaton. (*Hutchinson ; 12s. 6d.*)

Incredible, say the publishers, and for once a blurb does not exaggerate.

THE MEMOIRS OF ERNST VON WEIZSACKER.
(*Gollancz ; 16s.*)

In spite of a good deal of wordy self-justification, this book is full of interest, indeed of historical importance. It makes our diplomacy, as well as that of the Nazis, look pretty silly.

A DEGREE OF PRUDERY.
by Emily Hahn. (*Barker ; 18s.*)

A breezy, colloquially-written but sagacious biography of Fanny Burney.

THE SECRET SEARCH.
By E. R. Punshon. (*Gollancz ; 9s. 6d.*)

The first, perhaps the only thing that the numerous fans of Mr. Punshon will ask is whether it is a "Bobby Owen" or a "Carter and Bell." It's a Bobby Owen.

EVER THINE.
By Hester W. Chapman. (*Cape ; 15s.*)

Big, meaty novel set in Edwardian England.

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1.—"The Blue Boy," *d'après* Gainsborough.

2.—Christie, founder of the famous firm of auctioneers, is played by Michael Shepley.

3.—Angus, Lord Philpot, played by Hugh Latimer

4.—Dolly the Tall, a *demi-mondaine*, played by Daphne Jonason.

5.—The hall-sitting-room in Gainsborough's house in Pall Mall after the family had settled in and the painter was doing well.

6.—Mary Gainsborough, the younger daughter, is played by Muriel Pavlov.

7.—Margaret, the painter's elder daughter, is played by Josephine Stuart.

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6

# "THE GAINSBOROUGH GIRLS"

HERE are Cecil Beaton's own designs for his first play, *The Gainsborough Girls*, which opened at Brighton's Theatre Royal on Monday, July 16, for a two-weeks run during the Regency Festival. Later it will be presented in New York, and still later in London. So we must wait. The action takes place in Gainsborough's house in Pall Mall, opening with the arrival in the late 1770's from Bath of the painter, played by Laurence Hardy, his wife, played by Angela Baddeley, and two daughters. The story deals with Gainsborough's struggle to achieve fortune in London, and his wife's ambition to launch their daughters in Society, and to acquire for them wealthy husbands. The play is directed by Norman Marshall, and presented by Henry Sherek for the New York firm of Aldrich and Myers.

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MISS LYNN, by Claude Rogers.

# FESTIVAL

NOT less than 45 by 60 ins. said the Arts Council—on a subject of your own choice—as they invited a number of distinguished painters to make their contribution to the Festival of Britain. Of the sixty painters involved, some found themselves unable to participate in the show "Sixty Paintings for '51." Others, however, enjoying the chance of laying themselves out on a large canvas, accepted the challenge, and here is a cross-section of those to be found at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street. So you pay you

BICYCLISTS AGAINST A BLUE BACKGROUND, by Robert Medley.

A PORTRAIT GROUP, by Rodrigo Moynihan, R.A., w
L. to r.: John Minton, Colin Hayes, Carel Weigh
Kenneth Rowntree, Ruskin Spear, A.R.

THEATRE, by Geoffrey Tibble.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE ITALIAN COMEDY, by Duncan Grant.

# PAINTINGS

money and take your choice of Cubist, Impressionist, Abstractionist or Realist in this very interesting exhibition, of which five, including William Gear's abstract and controversial "Autumn Landscape" have been bought by the Arts Council for £500 each. The painting below, by Rodrigo Moynihan, R.A., is in particular attracting much attention from the crowds who attend the exhibition. Also to be seen are a number of sculptures commissioned by the Arts Council.

s members of the staff of the Royal College of Art. dney Burn, Robert Buhler, A.R.A., Charles Mahoney, the sofa, and Rodrigo Moynihan himself.

THE MEETING, by Merlyn Evans.

INTERIOR NEAR PADDINGTON, by Lucien Freud.

THE ISLAND, by Elinor Bellingham-Smith.

THE STORM, by John Armstrong.

*Photographed by Dorothy Wilding.*

MISS CAROLINE BURDER . . .

. . . younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Burder, of Swinbrook Manor, Burford, Oxfordshire, was at finishing school in Switzerland at the time of the first Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace this year. She "came out" at Queen Charlotte's Ball and will be presented next year. Her tastes are sporting; she is fond of both riding and ski-ing. Later in the year she may, like a great many other girls, take up a secretarial course.

The Queen and Princess Margaret take their leave of the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Denys Lowson, at the conclusion of the St. Paul's ceremony.

Also on the point of departure, General Eisenhower pauses on the steps of St. Paul's with his wife. Behind are his son and daughter-in-law, Captain and Mrs. John Eisenhower.

## LONDON AMERICANS' INDEPENDENCE DAY SERVICE . . .

THE Fourth of July was marked by a ceremony at St. Paul's, when the Queen, Princess Elizabeth, heads of State and representatives of the fighting services, saw General Eisenhower present the Roll of Honour which is to be placed in the chapel, dedicated to the memory of 28,000 Americans who lost their lives in operations from Great Britain during World War II.

Later, in more lighthearted mood, the American Ambassador and his wife gave a garden-party to 1500 guests at their Princes Gate residence.

## . . . AND GARDEN-PARTY

Their Excellencies survey the brilliant scene at their July 4 garden-party. With them are Mr. John Perry (left) and Mr. Sam Perry (right)—Mrs. Gifford's sons by a former marriage—and their wives.

*Above:* Former U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Lewis W. Douglas escorts London's Lady Mayoress, Lady Lowson.

*Left:* Looking cool and summery, Miss Georgie McMahon, daughter of Admiral McMahon, of the U.S. Navy.

*Right:* General W. S. Biddle finds Miss Ellen Anding and Miss Virginia McFarland absorbing company.

# West End Favourites

**SEAGULLS OVER SORRENTO**
**(Apollo).**

In spite of its title, Hugh Hastings' *Seagulls Over Sorrento*, now in its second year at the Apollo, has nothing to do with the blue Mediterranean. Its "Sorrento" is a bare islet in the Orkneys, and the piece is an explosive compound of nautical cross-talk and melodrama. Ronald Shiner, who appears as A.B. Badger, pride of the mess-deck, can shoot a Cockney line as well as anyone in our theatre.

**TO DOROTHY, A SON**
**(Garrick).**

To Roger MacDougall, dramatist, a new idea for a farcical comedy. Newcomers should discover it for themselves, so I will say merely that the piece describes just what happens when Myrtle comes to look up her first husband in his cottage near Dorking. The chief players in this bit of moonstruck gaiety are Richard Attenborough, Yolande Donlan and Sheila Sim.

**BLUE FOR A BOY**
**(His Majesty's).**

This is the musical piece in which Fred Emney, magnificently elephantine, has a second childhood and Richard Hearne takes a flying dive through a cocktail cabinet. The play is an old-fashioned musical version of the farce, *It 's a Boy*. Austin Melford, who adapted it, and Bertha Belmore are in the cast and one remembers a bunch of comic turns, in one of which Emney moves into a Deauville room disguised massively as a patronising dowager.

**KING'S RHAPSODY**
**(Palace).**

I wrote in October 1949 that this musical romance, a detailed record of events during the troubled sovereignty of King Nikki of Murania, would be on view for many months. And most reasonably: the late Ivor Novello's invention still runs along in comfort, with Jack Buchanan in the part of Nikki created by the author himself, and Zena and Phyllis Dare and Vanessa Lee splendidly in form.

**CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA**
**and**
**ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA**
**(St. James's).**

These two productions, Shaw's comedy and Shakespeare's tragedy, form the crown of the Festival theatre. They are performed and staged immaculately, from the moment that Sir Laurence Olivier's Cæsar finds the kitten-Cleopatra (Vivien Leigh) among the poppies at the base of a sphinx, to the moment when the same Cleopatra, as Royal Egypt, robed and throned, goes—now "fire and air"—to join her Antony in death.

# AT THE THEATRE.

## ★ First Choice ★

## THE WINTER'S TALE

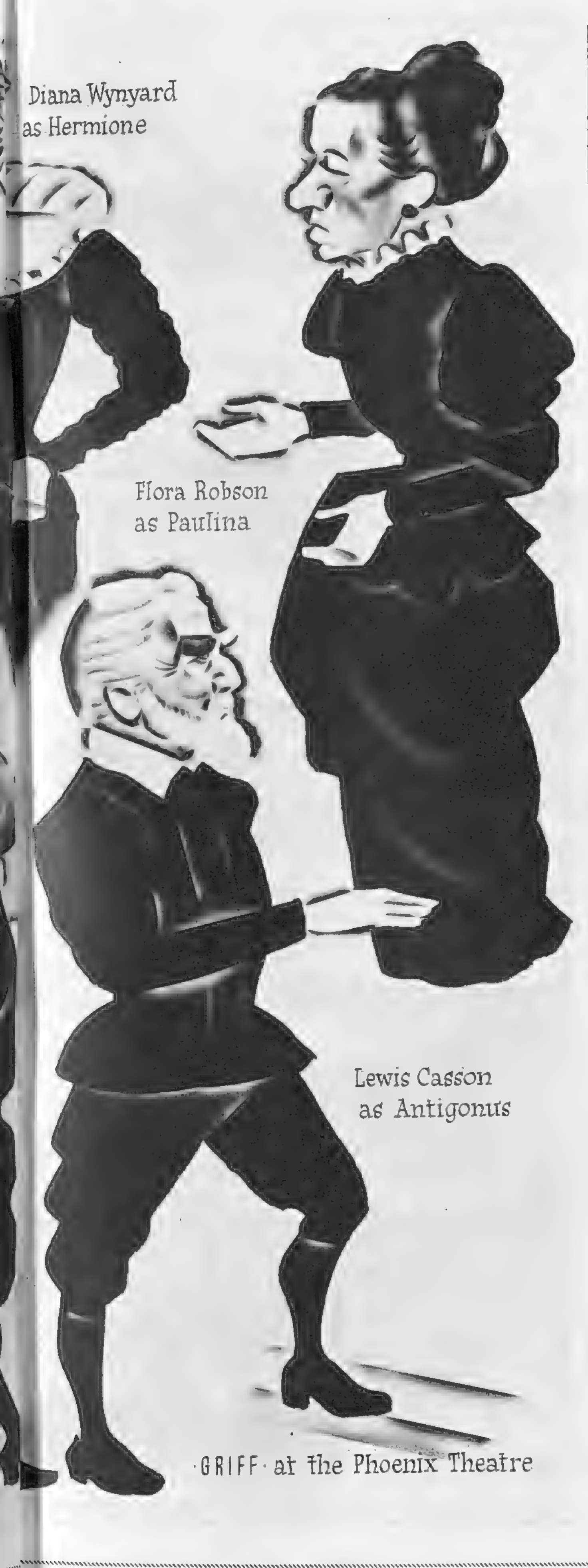
*(Phœnix)*

THIS is the Shakespearean romance that horrifies any pedant. The play has been going for barely five minutes before the King of Sicilia becomes passionately and quite unreasonably jealous of his guest, the King of Bohemia (who seems to let his country take care of itself). Later, there is a scene—more pedantic growls—upon the Bohemian sea-coast. Then the figure of Time invites us to slide across sixteen years, and the mood of the play whisks from contorted tragedy to pastoral-comedy. At the close, back in Sicilia, there is the Statue fantasy, in which the King is reunited to the Queen he had wronged sixteen years before, after five minutes of agony for an actress poised and immobile, unable to flicker a lash.

A maddening play, if once you let it bother you; but few real Shakespeareans trouble. They think rather of such things as Hermione's speech at the trial, of the daffodil-breath of Perdita's flower catalogue (pure Warwickshire), the way in which Autolycus snaps up unconsidered trifles, and the glow of reconciliation and forgiveness at the last. It is rare to meet a strong revival. Too few directors span the gulf between the winter of Sicilia and the summer of Bohemia: Leontes, in the yellow fever of jealousy, has never been anyone's favourite part. That is why we have now to applaud with both hands the Leontes of John Gielgud and Peter Brook's production. Between them, and with the aid of an enviable cast, they have given to the play and especially to its first act an impetus that it has not had upon the London stage within memory.

John Gielgud has taken Leontes, man of furious rage and gnarled speech, and turned him into a figure almost plausible: he is sharply moving in the repentance after Hermione's supposed death: "Go on, go on: Thou canst not speak too much." The actor uses his voice nobly. Diana Wynyard's Hermione presents virtue in all its radiance; and Flora Robson hurtles rightly at Paulina. Gallant though this woman is, we feel for Leontes, who bears her reproaches for sixteen years before she allows him to have Hermione back. With Sir Lewis Casson as Antigonus, eaten (off stage) by a fine Peter Brook bear; Virginia McKenna as Perdita of the flower-garland; George Rose to grease along Autolycus; and John Moffatt to adorn Paulina's knowing Steward (a small-part prize), there is a play fitted. And the production? Here it is almost as if Peter Brook had murmured: "Too elaborate, do they say? Then watch!" It is a revival beautifully direct and dignified. And, of course, the music by Christopher Fry. Yes, the same Fry: I assure you. . . .

# . . with J. C. TREWIN




## PENNY PLAIN

### (St. Martin's)

ANY conscientious notice of an intimate revue must be an anxious totting-up of points: so much for this, rather more for that, subtract ten here . . . and so on. For myself, in *Penny Plain*—with its thirty numbers and its platoon of authors—I was happy for maybe 75 per cent. of the evening; and that, in this type of production, seems to me to be good. (Of course, we have just had the 100 per cent. *Lyric Revue*, but that breaks all rules.) Everything is well at the St. Martin's while, say, Joyce Grenfell gives a crazy monologue in that special voice of hers that is like an eagerly-dripping tap; while Moyra Fraser spins through her satirical dance; while these actresses, with Rose Hill, simultaneously raise the roof and preserve the tone of the Albert Hall; and while three of Ronald Searle's little maids at school come to life and (being St. Trinian's girls) to sudden death. Here we sit purring —and there are other sounds and sights: Rose Hill's tone-deaf prima donna; Desmond Walter-Ellis about to yawn; a little lyric called "Eisteddfod" (sung by Delia Williams and Anthony Tancred), and a smart slap for the Family Play in a sketch by Charlotte Mitchell.

Laurier Lister might reconsider some of his other material. Thus Max Adrian, that gay chameleon of revue, has hard labour at times; Marjorie Dunkels, an acute impressionist, fights with a witless script; and Miss Grenfell could drop the tedious "Maud" song. In its favour, the revue avoids parochial flip-flap and it develops a racing speed. With its satire sharpened, a few cuts and a good song for Elisabeth Welch, *Penny Plain* could get into the Sixth. At present it is in the Fifth Form at St. Martin's.

★

## RED SKELTON

### (Palladium)

A FEW days after seeing Red Skelton I remembered little more than an expansive smile. It is not at all a bad thing to remember. This comedian is just a simple, happy soul with a delight in pulling faces. You feel that, while walking down Argyll Street, he might have been taken with the idea of dodging into the Palladium and pulling a few faces for his friends. Here, then, he is, as two boxers and a referee, as a voiceless Irish tenor, as a television announcer (American-style), as a filmgoer with an ice. It is all brotherly and brisk, and if it goes on too long—well, that is Mr. Skelton's generosity: he likes to share his enjoyment, and on the first night most of his hearers were grateful.

## Plans for the Future

FIRST, the news that Donald Wolfit is to lead one of the two Old Vic companies this autumn and, moreover, to appear as the tyrant in Christopher Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*. We have not heard within living memory the "thundering speech" of this tragedy in which Marlowe transformed Elizabethan blank verse. As produced by Tyrone Guthrie, with Leslie Hurry to do the sets, it ought to be a startling night in the theatrical autumn. Wolfit made his Shakespearean debut at the Old Vic more than twenty years ago.

#### TO-NIGHT

Two new productions open this evening, July 18. One, Enid Bagnold's *Poor Judas*, is among the three works short-listed for the Arts Theatre Festival competition. Roy Rich produces and its cast will include Noel Dyson, Maire O'Neill, Gilbert Davis, Alice Gachet, Tilsa Page and Ernest Jay. To-night's other production is *The Makers of Violence*, by Robert Gittings, written in verse and due for presentation in the Chapter House of Canterbury Cathedral. The scene is Greenwich in the eleventh century and the author, I gather, "expresses the nature of violence and man's power to withstand it."

#### MAKING A CHANGE

I wrote in the last issue of *The Sketch* about the full-length version of *Man and Superman* at the Princes. From August 1 this will be given on Wednesday instead of on Saturday (which will have two performances of the cut version). There are changes also at the Adelphi. The entire company of *Take It From Us* goes on holiday during the last week of July. When the revue reopens on July 30, Tony Fayne and David Evans will temporarily fill Dick Bentley's place.

#### ELIZABETHAN

Behind a house in St. John's Wood the most unusual theatre in London now takes shape. It is the Mermaid, a re-creation of an Elizabethan playhouse sponsored by Bernard Miles and his wife, Josephine Wilson, and constructed with the aid of a group of experts. Bernard Miles is anxious to prove that the Elizabethan-style theatre suits any type of performance.

#### GETTING AROUND

John McCallum will play Robert the Bruce in Robert Kemp's new piece, *The King of Scots*, at Dunfermline Abbey during the Edinburgh Festival. . . . Coming visitors to the Palladium include the Andrews Sisters for two weeks from July 30, and Tony Martin on August 13 for a fortnight. . . . The Palladium already announces its pantomime, *Humpty-Dumpty*, with Norman Evans as Dame and Terry-Thomas as King.

RANDOLPH TURPIN : For punching U.S. champ Sugar Ray Robinson off his pedestal without the aid of publicity or ballyhoo.

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MRS. LERWILL : For lifting the World Record High Jump by a quarter of an inch.

In two great weeks of sport, five people in particular emerged triumphant and richly deserved the victories that came their way.

RANDOLPH TURPIN, younger of the boxing brothers of Leamington Spa, brought the World's Middleweight Championship back to Britain for the first time since the Bob Fitzsimmons victory of 1894, by pounding the American Sugar Ray Robinson off his much-publicised pedestal over the full fifteen rounds at the Earl's Court arena.

MRS. SHEILA LERWILL, twenty-two-year-old British champion athlete, set up a new world record for the high jump by clearing 5 ft. 7½ ins. in the A.A.A. Championships at the White City, just beating the record previously put up by Mrs. Fanny Blankers-Koen.

MISS DORIS HART, tennis star from Miami, Florida, made the last day of Wimbledon magnificently her own when she walked off the Centre Court, the winner of three titles. In the Singles, she defeated Miss Shirley Fry; partnered by Miss Fry, she won the Women's Doubles; and with the Australian Frank Sedgman she captured the Mixed Doubles.

ALEC BEDSER stole most of the thunder in the Test match at Old Trafford by twice tumbling out the South Africans and adding to his laurels by contributing an invaluable 30 not out in England's first innings. His twelve wickets in this match bring his total of Test victims to 155. Only Sidney Barnes, with 189, has taken more for England.

MAX FAULKNER, thirty-four-year-old farmer and fisherman, is the colourful new golf champion. He brought the cup back to Britain after two years, winning by two strokes from the brilliant little Argentinian Antonio Cerda with a total of 285. Faulkner, advocate of "brighter golf," sporting primrose-coloured trousers with blue-and-white hooped pullover for his victory, maintains that "milking cows on my Godalming farm strengthens my wrists."

MISS DORIS HART : Wimbledon's newest champion, for winning three titles in one afternoon.

ALEC BEDSER : For bringing off yet another great bowling triumph on a damp and difficult Old Trafford pitch.

MAX FAULKNER : For winning easily a great victory in the Open Golf Championship, Portrush.

*Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by Harold White.*

# OLD LEYSIANS: CRICKETER AND ARTIST

TO-MORROW night (July 19) the Governors of Leys School, Cambridge, are giving a dinner at the Savoy Hotel in honour of one of its most prominent Old Boys: F. R. Brown, England's Test captain. To mark the occasion Raymond Skipp, himself an Old Leysian, has been commissioned to paint a portrait of the popular sportsman; it is to be handed over at the dinner and will be hung in the school. Mr. Skipp, here looking somewhat thoughtfully at the progress of his work, has had no easy task in completing it in time, as sittings have had to be squeezed in between matches. Of Freddie Brown, himself, a leading cricket commentator has written: "What is a fair estimate of Brown as captain? No honest critic can deny him full marks."

# A HUNDRED YEARS OF NEWS

ON the night of July 11, more than a thousand guests assembled for a mammoth banquet at Grosvenor House (*below*) to celebrate the centenary of the Reuter News Agency. Prince and Princess Georg of Denmark (*left*) attended, as did the Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee, the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Gifford, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. Devadas Gandhi, son of the late Mahatma Gandhi, newspaper proprietors, editors and representatives from all the free countries of the world. Even the menu had an international flavour : there was Toheroa soup from New Zealand and the ice-cream was made from mangoes flown from India.

Earlier in the day a hundred carrier-pigeons were released from the roof of the Agency's headquarters in Fleet Street by Miss Teresa Chancellor (*right*), daughter of Mr. Christopher Chancellor, general manager of Reuters. This recalled the days, a hundred years ago, when Julius Reuter, the founder, used pigeons to carry news stories—such as the report of Louis Napoleon's speech which virtually declared war on Austria in 1859. Miss Chancellor also handed over to Mr. W. H. Osman a challenge cup for an annual pigeon racing competition.

*Photographed by Clayton Evans.*

# A DEB. IN HER COMING-OUT DRESS

MISS DIANA MORLEY KENNERLEY, who made her curtsey to Their Majesties at the first Presentation Party this year, March 13, is seen here in the Creed creation she wore at her coming-out party at Londonderry House. It was a gift from her godmother, Princess Igor Troubetskoy (Barbara Hutton), with whom she spent four years in America. She is the 17½-year-old daughter of Mr. Morley Kennerley, the well-known publisher, and Mrs. Morley Kennerley.

*Night and day, year in, year out, the work of a hospital is never done. It provided the subject for a brilliant documentary, recently televised,* To Save a Life.

*The Cambridge Footlights Society invaded television with an excerpt from this year's all-male, all-undergraduate revue* A Flash in the Cam. *This item was "Silently," the hit song.*

*A scene from* Midshipman Barney, *on the Children's Programme, an exciting sequel to the recent* The Powder Monkey. *(L. to r.) Snowy (Harry Quashie), Barney (Sean Lynch) and Ben (David Davies).*

# TELEVISION

## by CYRIL BUTCHER

THE third of television's special Festival drama productions, *The Final Test*, has now been scheduled for July 29. Its author, Terence Rattigan, has chosen the background of first-class cricket for his slight, but movingly human story. We found him quietly confident when we discussed it with him in an off-duty sort of way the other day. So confident was he, that he took the hazardous step of allowing a critic to read the script before production. It would be unfair to dilate upon it at this point, but having read the play—a mixture of gentle sympathy and gentle malice—we see the reason for Mr. Rattigan's confidence.

The occasion should be all the more interesting for cricket lovers by the fact that three of England's players, W. J. Edrich, Jack Robertson and Alec Bedser, will temporarily assume the actor's motley and play—themselves. There are also some satirical sequences of radio and television commentating, in which John Arlott, Rex Alston and Brian Johnston will be—well, commentating. Rumour has it that there will be included some players of the more conventional kind, and we have heard Joyce Carey, Joyce Redman, Patrick Barr and Denys Blakelock mentioned.

Sorry to bring up the chimerical subject of colour television once again, but having forsworn some glorious hours of sunbathing on one of the hottest days of the year, in order to travel down to Cambridge to get a preview of Pye's demonstration of it at the Royal Show, we feel too full of professional self-righteousness to pass the matter. In an enormous marquee, they had rigged up a miniature studio, complete with lights, control equipment and a fully mobile camera. This was at one end. At the other was a blacked-out cavern in which several receivers reproduced the goings-on—over a closed circuit—in full tele-colour. The pictures were needle-sharp and the colour most impressive. It was perhaps a little on the melodramatic side, and there was an overall suffusion of red which seemed to be difficult to eradicate by control adjustment. But we would like to suggest that this is a defect which could be largely overcome by using much paler shades at the transmitting end. These tri-colour systems seem to intensify tints. Anyway, it was good to see that, when the time comes—and it won't be just yet—for us to have this sort of television in general service, we won't be far behind our American cousins, for all the "hoo-ha" that is coming across the Atlantic.

Meanwhile, Alexandra Palace has entered its Dog Days—only they aren't as Dog as all that. There is still the odd programme which doesn't actively insult the intelligent viewer. For instance, Christopher Mayhew's play *Those in Favour . . .* had much in it to give one hugely to think. With the U.N. Conference at Lake Success as background, there was plenty of scope for ideological argument of all sides. Mr. Mayhew, of course, is on home ground here, for he is well known to viewers for his recent international commentaries. But Mr. Mayhew can also write—and brilliantly. Further, he realises that play characters should be recognisable as human beings. So in spite of the shimmering cascade of words he gave to the U.K. delegate (a fine performance by Andrew Cruickshank) and the brutal dogma of a brutal creed he expressed *via* the Soviet delegate (equally well played by Arthur Young), the men of the West and the East both had the same warm blood flowing through their veins. No less convincing was the inevitable member of the Soviet secret police (Alan Wheatley, whose versatility seems to be limitless), even though his internal plumbing can only have been filled with acid.

Another pleasurable occasion was the production of John van Druten's twenty-year-old comedy, *There's Always Juliet*—complete with quotations from Shakespeare. It only went to show that first-rate dramatists don't date, for the dialogue, short and crisp, sounded fresh and alive, with only an occasional hint that it was written in a time so vastly different from to-day. Robert Beatty, now hailed as the Clark Gable of television, and Margaret Johnston, who does pretty well as the Margaret Johnston of the same medium, were delightful as a pair of lovers who make the requisite amount of trouble for themselves before it is time for everything to end happily. Designer Stephen Bundy is to be congratulated for producing a "luxury flat" which one might have enjoyed living in.

# "FOOTLIGHTS" AT THE DORCHESTER

One of the items most popular at the Dorchester is "Tale of a Pea." (L. to r.) Gardeners Peter Jeffrey, Ian Kellie and Michael Miller, watch the Pea's Progress.

THE annual revue staged by the Cambridge Footlights Dramatic Club was such a success this year that someone had the bright idea of bringing the cast to London to entertain the Dorchester's cabaret-minded clientèle. The company is all male and everyone connected with this revue, *A Flash in the Cam*—not only as actors, but also as writers and composers—is an undergraduate up at Cambridge. Excerpts have been given on radio and television, and we give a picture from the latter broadcast on the opposite page.

Restaurant Scene. The order is taken.

The customer checks the vintage.

Hush, hush. Tasting in progress.

"Dammit, the pea 's stuck in my tooth."

Painless Extractions a Speciality.

TALES WITH A STING

# THE LETTER . . .

*. . . by Yvonne Seager*

SHE rented the basement in the house where I had the attic. My little room was called a self-contained flatlet; I expect hers was, too. Between us, like buffer states, were the main occupants of the house—those who could afford bathrooms and balconies, and rooms which the house agent, ambitiously yet cautiously, styled *en suite*. Perhaps she was broke like me, and just needed an address that was central. I didn't really know.

The first I heard of her was when my landlady, bringing my pint and loaf-alternate-days, puffed her way up the last flight and caught me clearing out (with the door open to get a bit more light) and halted four stairs short of the landing, so that only her torso was visible, and conversation with her was like conversation with a ship's figurehead. She had a hoarse, contralto voice, as if she, too, had ridden out many a storm. My room—sorry, flatlet—is at the top of eighty-seven stairs, and it takes my breath sometimes, but I always think Mrs. Jones makes unnecessarily heavy weather of it, as if bringing my milk and bread were an imposition, for which my always delighted "Thank Yous" were a thin reward.

"Basement 's let." Mrs. Jones had few syllables left after the stairs.

"O, good. . . . Wasn't empty long, was it?"

Mrs. Jones bridled, sensing criticism, as if I 'd said her house was dirty and fostered beetles. "There 's some people don't know when they 're well off . . ." she began, but she was out of breath, and I dropped a whole pile of cardboard boxes off the top of my cupboard and silenced her.

"Thank you so much for bringing my milk. How 's your knee?" I didn't really want to hear about her knee and rustled tissue paper all the time she was talking, but it was a safe tack. Mrs. Jones enjoyed rude good health, but coveted sympathy.

". . . . so I let her have it."

I 'd missed the crux of whatever she was telling me. I agreed with her brightly. "That 's nice," I risked.

"Name 's Adkins. Quiet little thing. Expecting a letter."

That was all the biography I ever got about the tenant of the basement flatlet and all anyone ever did. That her name was indeed Adkins I never doubted—she hardly looked the alias type—that she was quiet, even mouse-like, I could see. If she said she was expecting a letter, why shouldn't she be?

Time passed. I knew a little of the background of each of the other people in the house. Mrs. Jones made it her business to find out, and for the pleasure of informing someone, told me. In due course the Presscotts (first floor front) produced a baby. Mrs. Jones had not been pleased at first, but age and living out of earshot gave her quite an interest in its welfare, and when Mrs. Presscott (and I don't believe this) told her they 'd called it Margaret after her, she positively purred. Much more interesting was Miss Rockley, a shapely blonde two floors below, who was actually cited as co-respondent in somebody's divorce, but dismissed from the suit, to Mrs. Jones' great disappointment. Mr. Lampeter, our lone representative of the silent sex, lost his gold spectacles and one or two oddments, and accused Mrs. Jones' char. He apologised fulsomely when he found them all down the back of his sofa, but I don't think Mrs. Jones has finished with him yet. Miss Sprague sold a last-year's coat to little Mrs. Bidkin. In the dim light of the hall, Mrs. Presscott mistook her for Miss Sprague, with whom she was on friendly terms, and pressed her to come up for a cup of tea before she found her mistake. We grade one another socially in the house, just as the flights of stairs grade us—some higher, some lower. Mrs. Presscott (car, husband, baby) felt herself superior in all ways to Mrs. Bidkin, and below Miss Sprague in the sartorial sense only.

All this time I continued on the top floor and Miss Adkins continued in her basement, still expecting a letter.

I knew she was expecting the letter, because one day I said idly to Mrs. Jones: "Has Miss Adkins had her letter, yet?"

Mrs. Jones looked at me suspiciously above her black crochet and imitation amber. "Miss-Adkins-the-basement never 'as post." There was an inflection in her voice, even when she was hoarse and breathless; I remembered she was Welsh. I suppose she called me "Miss-Greenhalgh-the-top" and Mr. Lampeter was "Lampeter-the-glasses." Anyway, she started me thinking about Miss Adkins, and I realised I knew no more of her than Mrs. Jones had told me the day she came. Mrs. Jones knew no more, either, which must have irritated her a lot. The very fact that she didn't reveal her background encouraged me to invent one. I thought up various sorts of persons for her to be, but none of them fitted. I was off work with laryngitis at the time, so I had leisure.

What was the letter she was waiting for, that hadn't come? Doubtless, it was a matter of some importance—she 'd mentioned it to Mrs. Jones, a stranger, on her arrival. So what was in it—money, an offer of marriage, a ticket to Canada? Why hadn't it come—had there been a death, a quarrel, did she still watch the postman, had she given up hope? The more I thought about Miss Adkins and her letter (sitting muffled-up over my gas-fire, with no battery in my radio and the magazines Miss Sprague sent up, all ones I 'd read), the more I felt that letter, or its non-arrival, had changed the poor girl's life. I began to feel so curious about her, that when I was better I made a point of looking out for her. I even loitered inside the front door a few minutes till I heard the door of her basement open, and she popped out of the area like a rabbit. I opened the front door quickly.

"Good morning, Miss Adkins. Lovely day!"

She looked quite scared. "Good morning. . . . Yes." She was gone, and I put my umbrella up, feeling foolish, because it happened to be pouring with rain.

I didn't see her again and I started to forget her, when one Saturday morning Mrs. Jones panted up my stairs looking quite worried. She um'd and ah'd, like somebody about to ask a favour, then she said: "It 's poorly she is, and not left alone she should be. That 's what the doctor said, Miss Greenhalgh. Well, you know I can't nurse her. It 's busy I am."

I knew then she was speaking of Miss Adkins, but I let her go on. I wasn't going home that week-end and I wasn't doing much, so I could afford to be a christian.

"Supposing I went down and saw her?"

"If you wouldn't mind now——" Mrs. Jones's relief was so obvious it was quite funny. She turned and bolted—if a woman of her size can be said to bolt—before I could change my mind. I finished dressing, went down the eighty-seven stairs and knocked.

Miss Adkins (I never knew her first name) lay in a bed in a bare but tidy room looking so impersonal I thought she ought to have the number on her identity card on her tombstone, instead of her name. She looked tired and yellow and apologetic—horribly yellow—it turned out to be jaundice. She was a model patient, or, at least, an unresisting one. I made her drinks and offered her my hot-water bottle and my radio, and bought her a bunch of primroses to cheer her up. It was thoughtless of me to choose primroses, but she thanked me with a weak yellow smile. After all, she couldn't see her own face.

Miss Adkins duly recovered, but I went in every evening till she was up, feeling I must ease off the relationship gradually. Even after I 'd made her swallow things and made her bed and tidied her room, I wasn't a fraction more acquainted with her than formerly. For the sake of conversation, I told her quite a lot about myself, but though she listened with attention, she didn't reciprocate. I resorted to questions.

"Have you always lived in London, Miss Adkins?"

"Yes, always."

"Haven't you any friends or relatives to come and see you?"

"I have no one."

"What work do you do?"

"I don't go to work—regularly."

"Well . . . is there anything you want before I go?"

"No, thank you very much, Miss Greenhalgh."

I looked round the room. No knick-knacks, no photographs, not even a calendar. Only my own primroses, thrust in a tooth-mug. It wasn't possible to be so anonymous, so cut off from the big and little things of life. Then I remembered that she wasn't—quite. She 'd been expecting a letter. My curiosity got the better of me quite frankly in the end.

"Did you ever get your letter?"

"What letter?"

Good heavens, how on earth could the girl forget something of such moment to Mrs. Jones and myself, at least. Later phrases of my landlady's came to mind—dark horse, still waters, people whose affairs don't stand looking into. Common sense told me we were probably making up a mystery where one didn't exist, but I didn't listen to my common sense. "When you came here you were expecting a letter." I stood over my ex-patient accusingly. She lay on her bed, on a faded green cover. She was supposed to be resting. She hesitated; it seemed to me she quailed.

"O, that . . . yes."

"Well, have you got it?" I was absolutely on tenterhooks.

Miss Adkins turned away her face with a smile that was somehow unpleasant. She smiled rarely and it didn't suit her. It didn't so much relax her lips as seal them. She looked out of the window at the area railings and figures that were cut off at the waist, and a terrier that stopped to sniff and was unkindly jerked away. Then she looked at me as if we were sharing a secret, only I didn't know what the secret was supposed to be. Just something that united us against the rest of the world, and made us superior but bound to each other.

"Aren't people curious?" she whispered slyly. "Such busy-bodies!"

"Oh, frightfully . . ." I had to agree—though I would never have credited her with the wit to see through Mrs. Jones as clearly as that.

# Personalities

ENGAGED: Ingrid Olivia Georgia, daughter of the late Major Richard Wyndham and of Mrs. Lawson Wilson, is to marry the Hon. Jonathan Bryan Guinness, twenty-one-year-old son and heir of Lord Moyne, of Biddesden House, Andover, and the Hon. Lady Mosley.

PLANS CONCERT CAREER: Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd, of Tillington House, Petworth, with her daughter Enriqueta, one of last year's débutantes, are spending the season in London. Enriqueta, talented student of music, plans a career as a concert pianist, and is now a pupil of Albert Serber.

ENGAGED: Daphne Holmes, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Parkinson, of Palace House, Burnley, Lancashire, is to marry John Cecil, elder son of the late John Sydney Clunies-Ross, Keeling, Cocos Islands, and of Mrs. A. H. Stephens, of Penang, Malaya. Her fiancé is the owner of 25 islands in the Indian Ocean, and has once been shipwrecked.

ENGAGED: Daphne Maureen ("Bunty"), younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. H. Graham, of 16, Cumberland Mansions, W.1, is to be married on September 7 to Anthony Henry Ivor, only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. F. I. Kinsman, of The Red House, Windlesham.

ENGAGED: The wedding will take place at the end of September between Gabrielle, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Welford, of Ducks Hill Lodge, Northwood, and Kenneth, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Mollart, of Bramley Corner, Bramley, Hampshire.

ENGAGED: Margaret Heathcote, elegant only daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. Heathcote, of 7, Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3, has announced her engagement to Hugo John Laurence, only son of the Hon. Wogan Philipps, of Colesborne, Gloucestershire, and Mrs. Rosamond Philipps, and grandson of Lord Milford.

ENGAGED: The Hon. Charles Edward Stourton, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, and only son of Lord and Lady Mowbray and Stourton, is engaged to Jane Faith de Yarburgh-Bateson, only daughter of Lord and Lady Deramore.

# PREVIEW

*In these two stills from* The Lady With a Lamp, *Herbert Wilcox's latest biographical picture, Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding, who star in the film, are seen in a studio reproduction of the ballroom at Broadlands, the home of Earl and Countess Mountbatten. The scene depicted took place nearly a hundred years ago when, on the night of August 2, 1851, Florence Nightingale danced in this stately room. A ball is to be given this August 2 to mark the centenary. In the film Anna Neagle will add one more to her portraits of great women, by playing Florence Nightingale, while Michael Wilding will take the part of Sidney Herbert.*

# AT THE CINEMA

### *with C. A. LEJEUNE*

## "THE LAVENDER HILL MOB"

"THE LAVENDER HILL MOB" came into being as the result of an accident. T. E. B. Clarke, Ealing Studios' star author, was sent home to write one film story and found himself writing quite another. His instructions were to work on the script of *Pool of London*, but one of the minor characters in the piece caught his impish fancy to such a degree that there and then he began to create a fresh film round it. The film he created was *The Lavender Hill Mob*, and when you see what Mr. Clarke, director Charles Crichton, and actor Alec Guinness have managed to do with the part that so intrigued the author, you may feel that *Pool of London's* loss was certainly the public's gain.

*The Lavender Hill Mob* is one of Ealing's and Mr. Clarke's London particulars, like *Hue and Cry* and *Passport to Pimlico*; films that make their way into busy City streets and quiet suburban backwaters; push into tube trains at the rush hour and catch the life of the real Londoner with quite unerring accuracy.

Little Mr. Holland is just a dot among the thousands of figures that swarm across London Bridge between the South Bank and the City every morning and evening, except Sunday. He wears a bowler hat and steel spectacles; of course, he carries an umbrella. His job is to supervise the transport of gold bullion from the refineries to the Bank, where for nineteen years he has enjoyed a reputation for caution, honesty and efficiency.

But little Mr. Holland has a shrewd head under the bowler hat. It seems to him absurd that a potential millionaire should go on living at a private hotel in Clapham, on a salary of £8 12s. a week, less deductions. His notion is to appropriate £1,000,000 in gold bars for himself and live the remainder of his life in luxury.

There is only one snag in his carefully-formulated scheme—how can he smuggle the gold bars out of the country? The answer comes, like a gift from heaven, with the arrival of a new boarder at the Clapham hotel. Large, flamboyant Mr. Pendlebury (Stanley Holloway) is an "artistic" gentleman, who shudders under his daily task of designing souvenirs for the tourist trade. It would be the simplest thing in the world, Mr. Holland laughingly suggests, to melt down £1,000,000 of gold bullion, use it to make musical paperweights of the Eiffel Tower, and ship them as export goods to France. It would indeed, Mr. Pendlebury enthusiastically agrees, and adds: "By Jove, Holland, it's a good job we're both honest men." "It is indeed, Pendlebury," replies Mr. Holland, ever so blandly.

This is the beginning of a sensational bank robbery that involves the recruitment of two other reliable crooks (with the best police-court convictions) to the Lavender Hill Mob, and leads the film a fine chase through Paris and London and even to Brazil before we have finished. After vexatious delays and difficulties, the gold is shipped to France, but here a really aggravating thing happens. Six of the Eiffel Tower models are sold to English schoolgirls on a holiday trip and Mr. Holland and Mr. Pendlebury have to come tearing back to London to reclaim them.

Five of the little girls are persuaded to exchange their treasures without a struggle. ("Also," breathes the awed headmistress, "and this I consider most generous—these gentlemen will give *ten shillings* to each girl who helps them in this way.") But the sixth little girl, the stockiest and the smallest, has bought her Eiffel Tower for a friend in the Metropolitan Police and nothing will induce her to part with it. Her obstinacy plunges the conspirators into the worst nightmare their bad consciences could possibly have conceived—a gathering of several hundred cops who have gathered at a Police School Exhibition.

All this is the wildest extravaganza, of course, but nothing could be more overwhelmingly effective than the *bravo* with which Mr. Guinness and Mr. Holloway carry it off. This wonderfully matched team of comedians storms its way through *The Lavender Hill Mob* with all the colours flying; scoring an undisputed triumph for nonsense, skill, practice, observation and plain audacious native fun.

★

## "RAPTURE"

IN spite of the undisputed fact that the most distinguished works of the cinema have been indigenous, made with native players by native technicians out of a story sprung from the native soil, there has always been a hopeful feeling amongst film producers that a piece can have international appeal if only enough contributions are flung in from every quarter.

*Rapture* flings these in with a lavish hand. The film was made by an American company in and outside Rome. The cast is predominantly American, with a Swedish lady, Elsy Albiin, in the leading rôle. The story is by one Geza Herczeg, "adapted from Dr. Arpad Herczeg's *Invasion on the Lake*." I am not in a position to establish the nationality of the very active celestial choir, but the director's name is Goffredo Alessandrini.

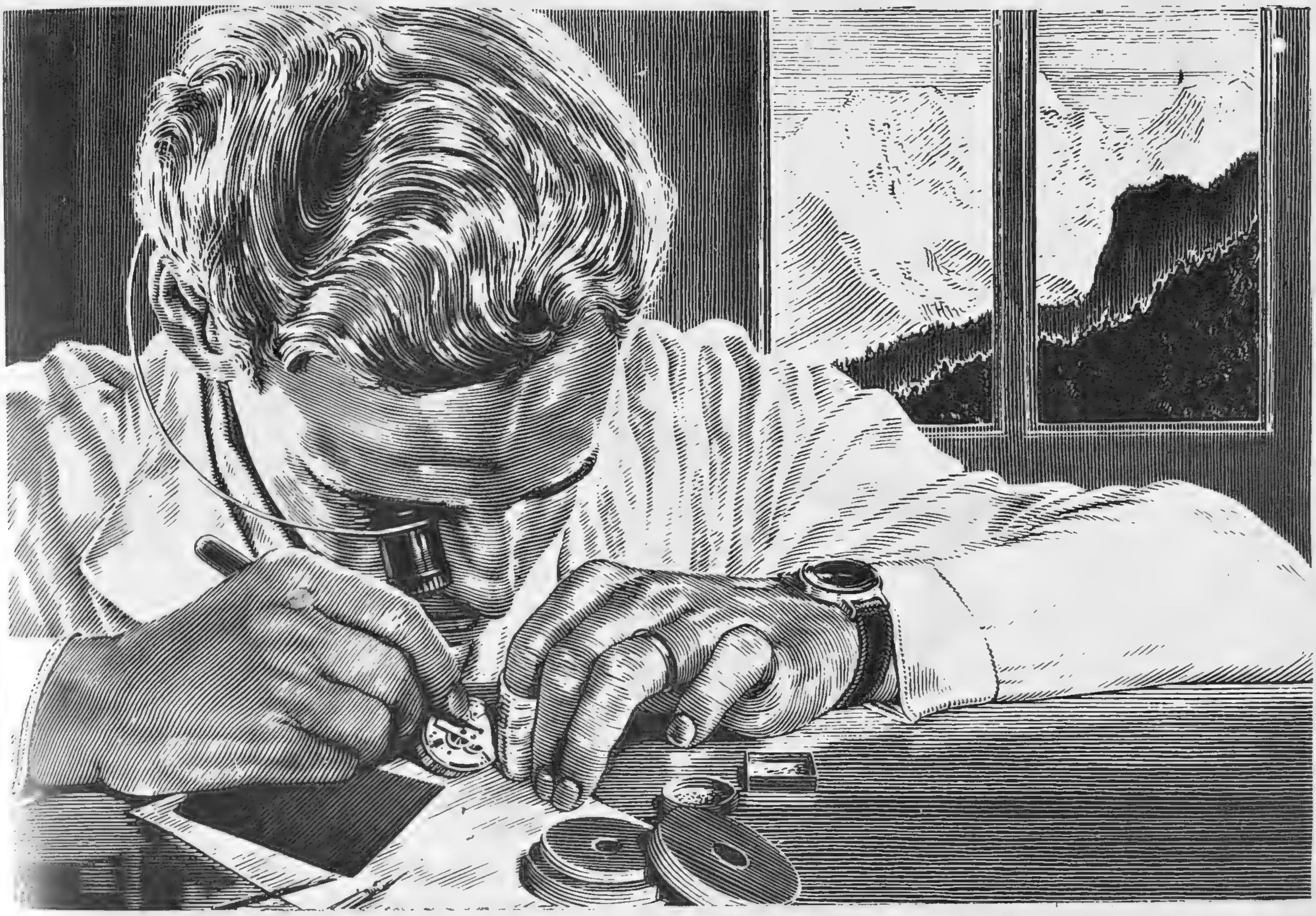
*Rapture* is the statue of a nude diving lady, poised upon a rock, with which a young Italian sculptor wins a first prize at a Rome exhibition. Who was the model for the statue? Aha, that's telling! She was either one or the other of two mysterious sisters, daughters of an American business man who live in a high-walled garden, beside a secret lake, with a convenient empty pedestal for live statues to take a header from.

The sculptor is attracted by both sisters, in his fashion. Francesca, the home-girl, recommended as something both physically and spiritually quite special by her associates (so fiercely that my neighbour whispered to me, "She'd better be good after that build up!") turns out to be nothing more extraordinary than the pretty Miss Albiin: a bonny wench with something of the young Ingrid Bergman in her wide face, gay smile and rounded cheekbones. Francesca is afflicted by mysterious brainstorms, and is apt to be extremely shy with strangers. Marisa, the sister from Paris, has no such inhibitions. She isn't shy at all: in fact, she has the swiftest and most blatant technique in seduction we have seen for seasons. "Don't you think conversation is a bit superfluous?" she whispers, slipping a bare arm round a stranger's neck and resolutely stripping off her stockings.

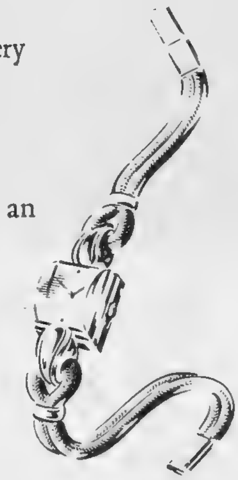
The sculptor falls in love with the good sister, falls a prey to the bad one, and is so completely foxed by the similarity of their bare outlines that he combines the two of them in his statue. "It's all really symbolic," Marisa explains to Francesca, with the superior authority of a Paris education. "You gave him your head, and I, my body." Since no woman ever really cares to be mistaken for another, even in the half-light, even in the altogether, *Rapture* inevitably ends in tragedy.

There are some jolly chunks of carved stonework in the film, and some very pretty landscapes. Our sculptor appears to have a fancy for sculpting things *big* and sheer bulk has its effect in an otherwise trivial picture. But the whole situation seemed so forced and silly, the dialogue so claptrap, and the music track so swooning, and I had so much difficulty in making out what half the cast was saying, that the distressful dénouement scarcely bothered me at all.

# TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



## *Years to measure a minute!*



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By Ann Murray

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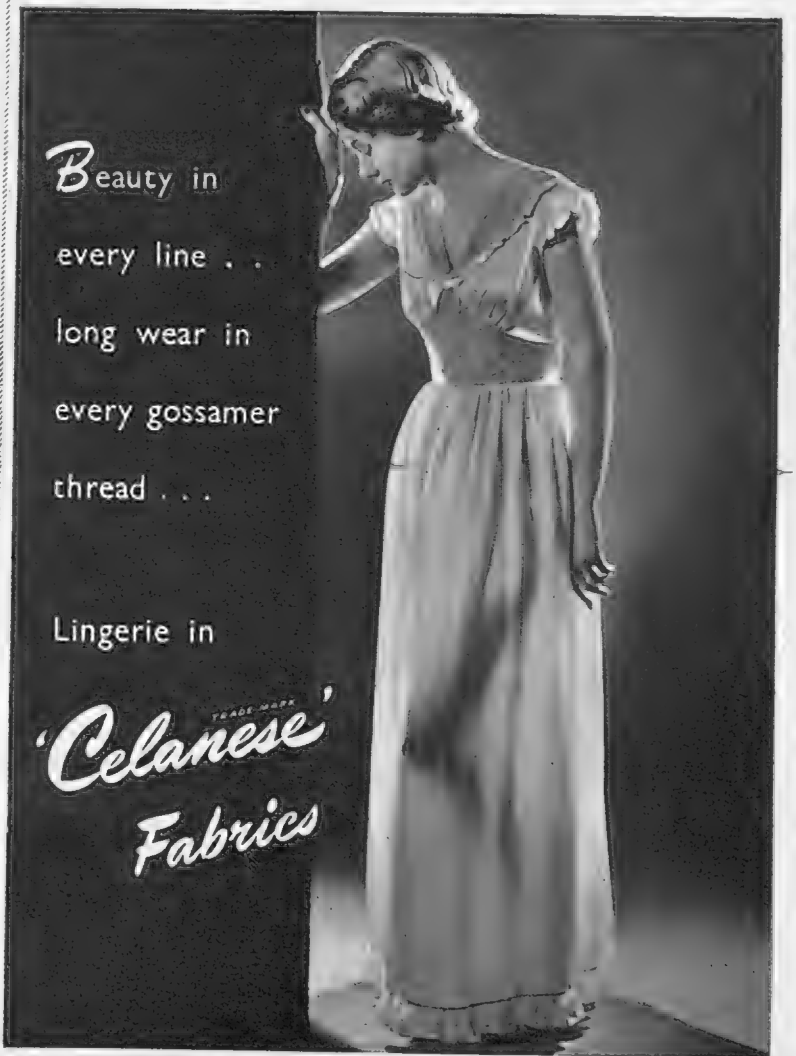

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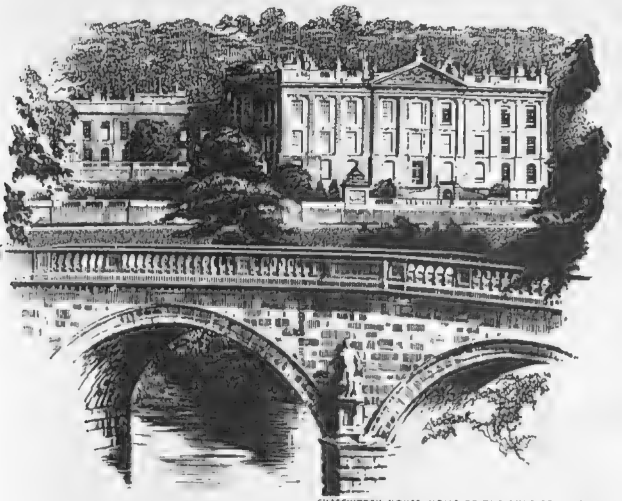

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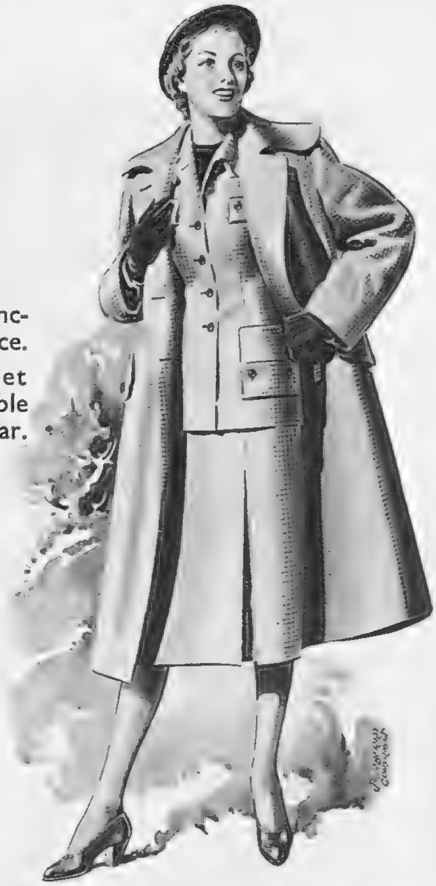

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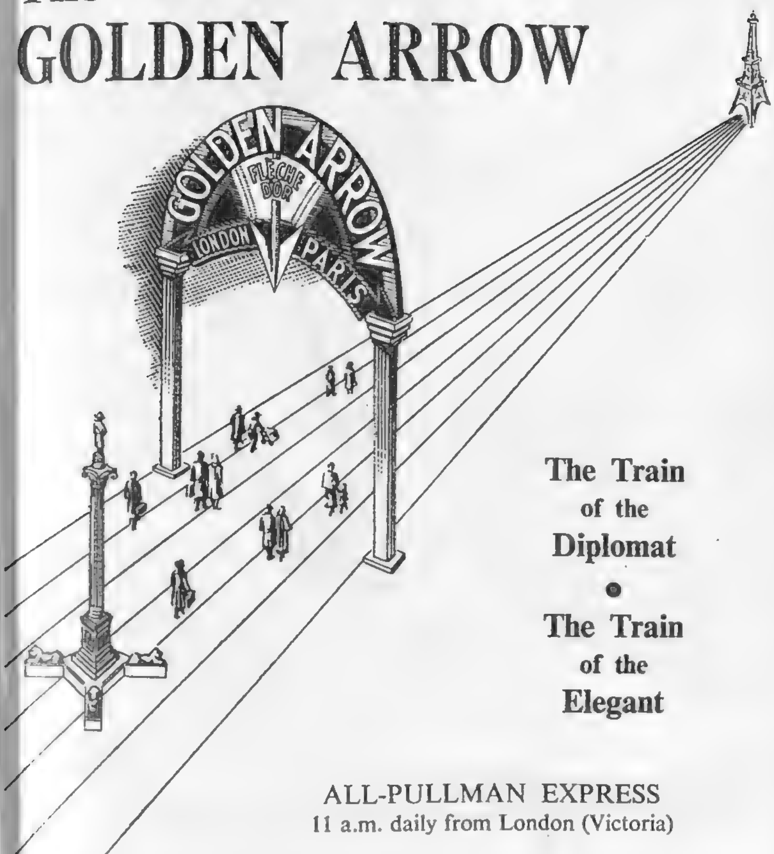


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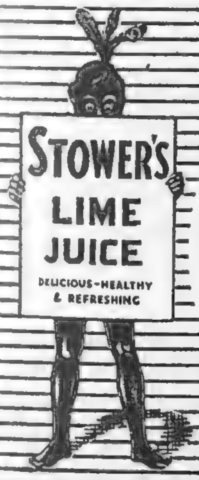


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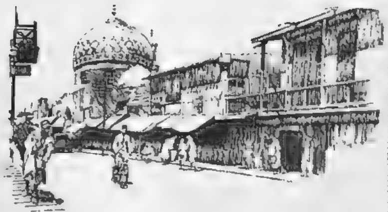

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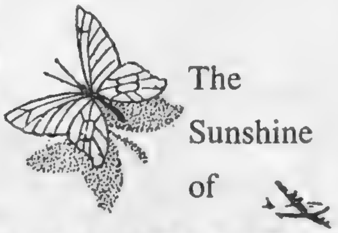

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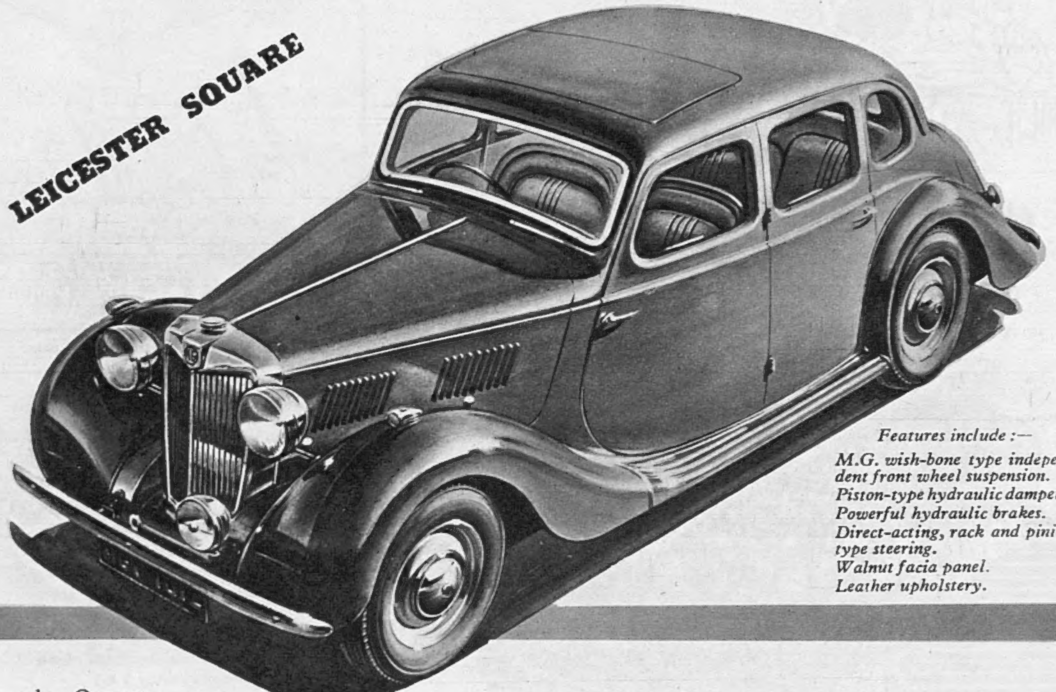

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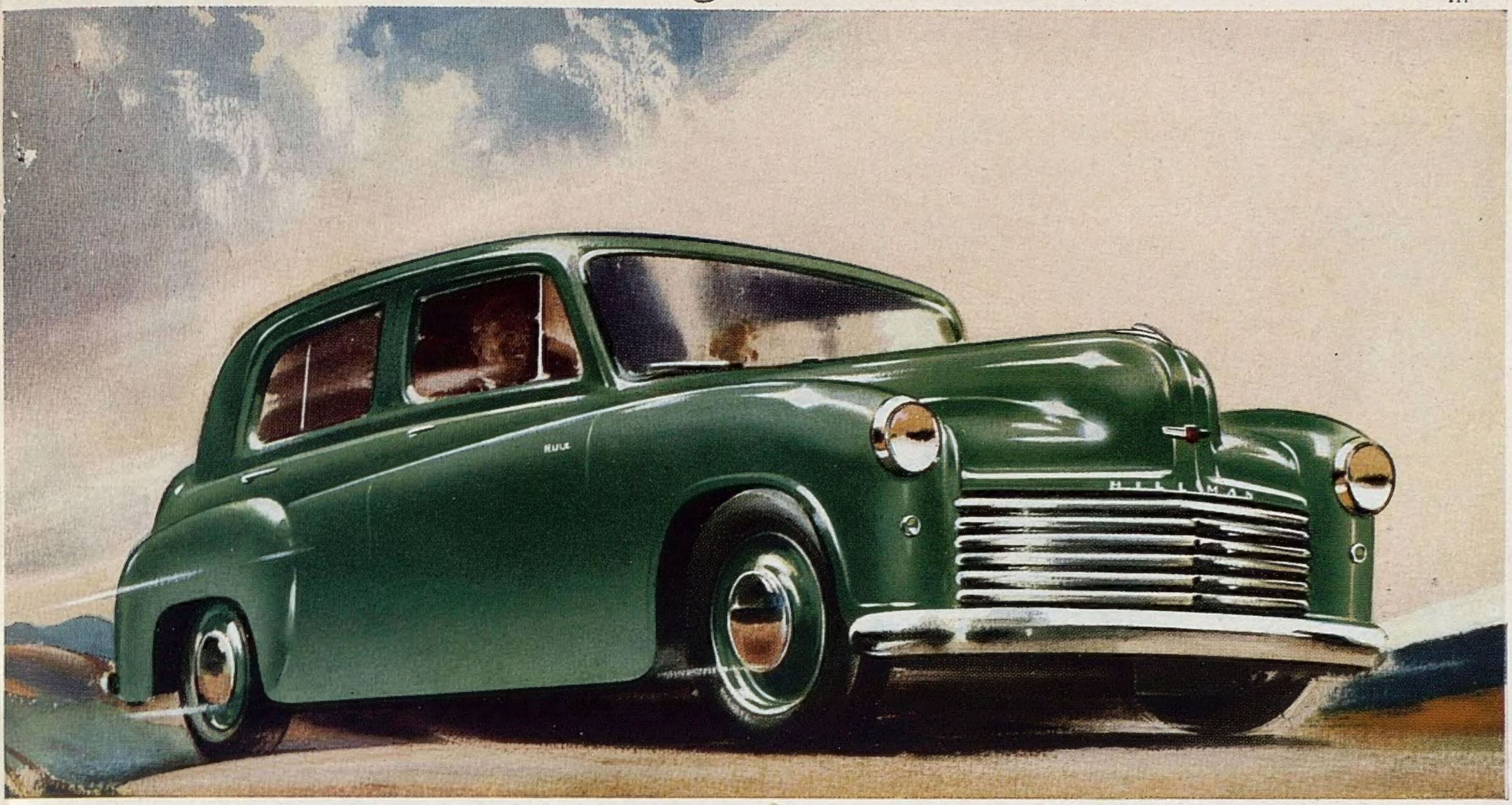

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